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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Italy, 1819-22; with Illustrations of the present State of Religion in that Country.* 12mo. pp. 356. London, 1828, J. Murray: Dublin, R. M. Tims; and Curry and Co.

It is briefly stating the character of this volume, we have to observe, that its superiority over many Italian tours has been obtained by the author's length of residence in that country, which enabled her to see more, and examine what she saw less hurriedly, than the generality of hasty travellers and hasty writers. The chief defect in her work is her dwelling too minutely on personal and family circumstances, which, though melancholy and affecting to the parties concerned, have no interest for the public: thus the death of her niece and her brother-in-law, and the sicknesses of other friends and relations, are, in our opinion, injudiciously introduced, and far too minutely detailed. The third leading feature of the book is its religious views. The author belongs to that very serious class of persons who are often distinguished by the name of Saints; and almost every incident is made the theme of moral or religious reflections. On this portion we pass no judgment: it will recommend the work to many of the same way of thinking and turn of mind; and it will be thought a blemish by those of an opposite cast. There is, we must, however, say, rather too much of it; and some, as we shall exemplify, not in very good taste.

Having thus shortly prefaced our review, we shall proceed to analysis, and lay before our readers some specimens of the three principal heads to which we have alluded. The lady (a native of Ireland) sails for Genoa, to join Sir Walter S. and her sister (his wife), who, with their family, are travelling in Italy. She is a poor helpless creature for encountering difficulties or dangers. The tremors and terrors of the voyage are followed by equally portentous and threatening ills on land. Passports are forgotten—carriages are likely to overset—the roads are full of perils—the inns full of any thing but accommodations. On the way from Florence to Sienna (for instance), our unfortunate countrywoman tells us,—"We have just stopped to breakfast. My vetturino is engaged to give me two meals each day; that which has been now served up (I know not whether to call it breakfast or dinner) consists of a little black dried-up bird, some fried vegetables, and raw beans in the pod. Luckily I am not hungry, for here there would be nothing to satisfy my appetite. I longed to ask for a boiled egg, but, certain of not being able to express myself rightly, I did not make the attempt. We remained here from twelve till three o'clock, being the hottest part of the day." A traveller of a firmer temperament would have tried signs, or some other expedient, to get the egg; as a friend of our's, journeying in Germany, did. He clucked for a while to the maid at the inn; but that was unintelligible. His next effort was to squat

down and flap his arms, as if they were wings, and alternately imitate (to the best of his power) the chuckle of dame partlet and the crowing of her husband chanticleer: but still the obtuse German attendant was impenetrable. At last, however, the starving stranger ran to a canary in a cage, and, by combining bird with all his other symbols and contortions, succeeded in making his wants understood, and obtaining not only eggs, but such peals of laughter as resounded in that hostelry for many a long day.

A little further on, the author loses a travelling companion, which matter she states in the following terms:—"After breakfast my fellow-traveller told me that he had reached the end of his journey with me—that Civita Vecchia was the place of his destination, which lay in a different route from that which I was going. I heard this news with concern, as I felt his presence a kind of protection; he was very obliging in getting things for me, and no annoyance. My regret was increased by accounts—which I had heard at the last place at which we stopped—of banditti, who, should they now assail us, would meet with little resistance. My vetturino is a feeble old man, nodding over the backs of his mules, which appear nearly as worn-out as himself, while they move along step by step, at a pace so slow that I often think they will stop altogether." Indeed small troubles and inconveniences seem to have been great with our fair wanderer. Once when the horses in a carriage going before that in which she was, on a narrow road, became restive, it is thus magnified: "They took fright at some mules which filled up the road before them, and suddenly rearing and plunging most frightfully, turned round upon us. I saw no possibility of escape between the high walls; and, in the expectation of instant death, held my darling child in my arms, earnestly recommending myself and her to the protection of Him who has power to save. We looked round us, and the danger was passed; the horses had plunged till they came against the wall, where they injured themselves, and broke the carriage to pieces; with wonder and thankfulness we acknowledge the goodness of God in our preservation. My sister was afterwards told, that a man coming by and seeing our danger, had caught the horses' reins; but we neither of us had perceived it."

But we need not dwell on these trifles; the subjoined various extracts are more illustrative of the valuable parts of the writer's observations. Near Pompeii (she relates)—

"This evening we passed a bridal procession. The bride and bridegroom walked first, followed by a train of female attendants. At some distance behind them, the dowry-box was borne on the back of a mule, its head and neck adorned with gay-coloured ribands, from which were suspended many tinkling bells. The dowry-box is a large chest, with drawers of fine wood, beautifully inlaid, which contains the corredo, or wardrobe of the bride, which is

generally to last her life. In the drawers are her ornaments and bridal presents, given previously by her friends and relatives. Next followed two men, carrying a square basket with the shoes of the bride, of every gay colour, arranged in order round from the centre to the edge: this group closed the procession. The jewellery is preserved in every family from generation to generation, with so much care, that the most abject poverty will not tempt them to part from it. This accounts for our frequently meeting the most miserable-looking women, in wretched clothing, without shoes or stockings, in piteous accents imploring alms, yet having in their ears solid gold ear-rings reaching to their shoulders, strings of coral or gold chains about their necks, and every finger loaded with rings. On gala days the Contadine display all their finery; we often meet them with gold chains, and many rows of pearl round their necks, their silk bodies with loose white sleeves, richly laced and embroidered with gold, the petticoat of a different colour, very much trimmed and ornamented. In general, they are handsome women; they have dark penetrating eyes, and a quantity of glossy black hair, which they wear combed up off the forehead, and twisted round the crown of the head, where it is tied with a string, then folded back, and fastened with a long silver skewer: nothing can be more unbecoming than their manner of dressing the hair. A gentleman at Naples told us, that it is not uncommon to see gold chains, of 600 crowns value, round the neck of a Contadina on the festival days. Silk is the manufacture of Sorrento. Before the door of every house, women are employed in winding, or weaving it into ribands."

At Rome, she also tells, "we went to see the 'Church of the Dead.' This church belongs to a fraternity calling themselves 'The Company of the Dead,' who make it their business to search for and bury all the dead bodies of unknown persons in Rome and its environs. A regular list, divided into months, specifies how many are found in each month of the year. The number of victims of whose untimely end no notice is taken by the ruling powers is truly astonishing. How thankful may we be for our laws, where the dead body of the meanest beggar thus found would excite the strictest investigation. Such occurrences here are never permitted to be mentioned in any of the public papers, far less commented upon. In our privileged country, though the freedom of the press may be abused, we know that no such event could be concealed, even if it could happen. The church is open only during the first eight days of this month [November] in every year, to say masses for the dead, for which a collection is made at the door; every one who enters must give something. On entering, you descend some steps as if into a vault, but not a dark one, for the church is well lighted up; that its ornaments may be seen to advantage; these are human bones, with which the walls are well covered. On the centre of one wall a skull is fixed, surrounded



by a frame of bones, to contain holy water; and infant bones form an *à la Grecque* border in compartments on the walls. A branch chandelier, entirely formed of bones, is also suspended from the roof. The vertebrae of the back, and sockets of the joints, are strung together for loops and chains, and form wreaths round the walls. In an inner apartment adjoining was a representation of our Lord raising Lazarus from the dead; the figures in composition as large as life, and remarkably well executed.—The Church del Santo Spirito, something similar to this, is to be seen at this time only of the year. The entrance is through a burying-ground, the graves as close as possible; they are little mounds of clay, inscribed with the name of the deceased. No green sod, nor stone, lies upon any of them; a skull and cross-bones are laid on each, and at the head grows a cypress. Before the church-door there is a pillar of dead bones; the vertebrae of the back and jaw-bones, linked together, surround it, and form a frieze at top. The walls enclosing the burying-ground are ornamented in the same manner. On entering the church we saw a group, which, for some seconds, I mistook for living persons. It was a representation of St. Peter raising Dorcas; a number of women and children in the back-ground hold up the garments which she had made. These representations are changed every year. We were obliged to pass through the burial-ground of an hospital (in which above one hundred persons have died this year), to see another fine representation of our Lord crowned with thorns; but were so disgusted at this place that we could hardly stay to look at the figure. A little cavity is made on the surface of the ground, in which the dead body is laid without a coffin, or any covering but a small proportion of earth, over which a stone is so lightly placed as not to prevent the most offensive exhalations, which must, of course, spread contagion in the adjoining hospital. In another part of this building there is a receptacle for foundlings, which is also badly managed. Nuns are appointed to take care of the children, three of whom are committed to the care of each nun; but few are reared."

The following are also characteristic:—

"A few days ago, we heard of an accident having happened through the carelessness of a cardinal's coachman, who, by driving furiously, threw down and killed a little boy. The law on such occasions is, to bayonet the horses. But the cardinal, supposing that his dignity would exempt him from the penalty, cried out, 'Sono un Cardinale!' The indignant populace answered, 'say rather you are an executioner.' His horses were poniarded without mercy."

"Mr. —, who, from his long residence here, is well acquainted with the state of Italian society, in which he mixes more than the English do in general, comes to us frequently of an evening, with many an amusing anecdote. A Roman lady of distinction, jestingly invited him to be her cavaliere servente; he said, that he must be made acquainted with the duties of one before he entered into any engagement. She answered, that the business of a cavaliere servente, in the first place, was to be at the door of his lady in the morning, as soon as her night's repose was at an end, to inquire after her health; to be ready to attend her toilette; in case she dropped her pincushion or gloves, to pick them up; to read to her when she reclined on a sofa; to drive out with her in the carriage; to accompany her to the conversazione and the theatre; to

exert himself to find out amusement for her all the day; to carry her fan, and nurse her lap-dog, &c. Mr. — answered, that these employments would never suit an Englishman; he must therefore decline the honour which she proposed. He gave us a ludicrous account of the ignorance of an Italian Signora, at whose house he was, at a conversazione, a few evenings ago. Marquess C— said, in her hearing, that the Conde de F— being sent by the King of Portugal from the Brazils on an embassy to the Pope, to congratulate him on his restoration from his exile and captivity under Buonaparte, found, on being presented to his holiness, that he had forgotten his credentials; 'but,' added the Marquess, 'luckily he had only left them at the Farnese palace; had it been at the Brazils, months must have elapsed before he could have performed his embassy.' 'You astonish me,' cried the Signora, 'I had no idea that Corsica could be so distant; are not the Brazils part of Corsica?' 'No, Signora,' answered the Marquess (with a gravity which at least an Irishman could hardly have commanded), 'the Brazils are in America.' 'America! and where is America?' 'America is the new world.' 'Is there a new world?' 'Yes, surely, discovered by Christopher Columbus.' 'O che bella novita!' And she called aloud to the company to announce the wonderful intelligence. 'A new world is discovered by Christopher Columbus, and an ambassador has been sent to congratulate the Pope.' 'From whom have you heard this?' exclaimed different voices, 'Eccole,' cried the Signora, directing every eye to the Marquess, as she said, 'Signore, Marchese, le prego mi dica da chi l'ha inteso?' 'Dal mio nonno,' answered the Marquess, 'ed il mio nonno l'ha inteso dal nonno suo.' Some of the nobility, when reduced in their circumstances, think it no degradation to go about soliciting alms, and will thankfully receive the smallest contribution."

This is not the only example of gross ignorance. "A nobleman (says the author) who is one of our most constant visitors, asked my sister last night, 'Who wrote Tasso?' 'who translated it into Italian?' and whether 'Virgil' were the author of the Gerusalemme Liberata?"

"We were greatly amused this day passing through the market, to see things exposed for sale which we should hardly suppose human creatures would voluntarily use as food; amongst these were many baskets of frogs and shell-snails, the latter crawling out, while boys were employed to put them back with rods; the former had been skinned, and looked white like chicken. There is, indeed, hardly any description of bird, beast, or fish, known to us, which may not be seen on the stalls; such as owls, vultures, kites, bitterns, tomtits, cats, hedgehogs, ravens, sharks, &c. &c. Some days ago our cook sent up a hare at dinner, ornamented with the hairy paws, as they had been cut off before it was dressed. Being asked an explanation, he said it was done to prove that he had roasted a hare, not a cat, for dinner."

At Pisa there are many Jews: "They have a superstition, that when a dead body is carried out for interment, if a dog pass under the bier, the funeral must be postponed for the day, and the body is conveyed back from whence it was brought. The mob take pleasure in hunting dogs in such a direction as to make them pass under the bier, as soon as they discover the Jew's funeral procession."

Whatever charity the writer may have for Jewish superstitions, she has none for those of the Roman Catholic Church, and seems, indeed, to have felt her sense sadly outraged by its observances, pageantries, and miracles. At Ariccia (near Albano), she says:—

"The worship of Diana, once the tutelary goddess of this place, is now superseded by that of the Virgin. Over the door of the church dedicated to her is that inscription in Latin so shocking to the eyes of a Protestant, 'Sacred to Maria equal to God the Father.' This inscription is also seen on one of the churches in the Corso at Rome; and on many others in Italy. My brother-in-law, with his family, passed last summer in this place, and had an opportunity of witnessing some of their ceremonies. On St. Anne's day two little girls were brought into the church, one to represent St. Anne, the other the Virgin, whose distinguishing badge was a crown on her head. The latter was placed on an eminence before the high altar; and the whole congregation knelt down before this little representative of the Queen of Heaven. The children employed on these occasions are always chosen on account of some uncommon merit, either of themselves or of their parents, as it is considered a peculiar honour. Under the house which my brother-in-law inhabited, there is one of those vaults or caverns which I have already mentioned. In the lava of which its sides are composed, there is a curious impression of an entire skeleton of a deer, with branching horns: the bones had mouldered away. Near this place were also discovered several sepulchral urns deeply imbedded in lava, which, from their peculiar forms, are supposed to be antediluvian; no similar urns, or even models, having ever been seen before. Sir W. S. wished much to procure one of these, and offered twenty guineas for one of the smallest, but he could not procure it for less than fifty."

The annexed will exhibit (without comment) our reasons for objecting to the religious sentiments which abound in the work. At Orvieto, where the party staid some time—

"We begin to discover, that there is some idea among these people that we may be converted; for which purpose we have had visits from a number of priests as well as from the bishop. The subject of religion is very frequently introduced, particularly by the canonico, who seems well furnished in controversial arguments, which he sometimes addresses to our dear little Anny, thinking that her youthful mind might be more easily influenced. But the manner in which she answers him surprises us all: she says that she now feels the use of having listened with attention to the arguments which a Protestant clergyman addressed to a German lady at Rome, whose wavering faith had induced her to apply to him for instruction. One day at dinner, the canonico ironically asked who was the head of our church? Anny in a moment answered, 'Jesus Christ is the head of our church.'"

The child was thirteen years old, and died soon after! of which sad event the details are lamentable. *Ex. gr.*

"She dozed most of Wednesday, but towards mid-day had a dreadful struggle, which her poor mother could not witness without being much affected; and perceiving her in tears, the dear child appeared greatly distressed, most anxiously inquiring if she had done any thing to hurt her mamma. She had always evinced the strongest attachment to both her parents; and, now that the lamp of life was nearly extinct, her tongue refused to give utterance to



the feelings of her heart; her languid eyes followed them wherever they moved, with an indescribable expression of fondness. Towards evening my sister asked her if she knew that she was going to heaven; she answered tranquilly, 'No, mamma, I did not.' A little after, she said, 'Mamma, I am trying to recollect the penitent thief.' Her mother answered, 'My love, you are no penitent thief, you are an accepted child.' 'I hope so, mamma.' And then she begged to have the raising of the son of the widow of Nain read to her, and asked in what chapter it was contained. She requested that her mamma would sit up with her all night, first inquiring from the doctor, whom she perceived at the bed-side, whether it would injure her mamma's health to sit up with her, and whether it would do her papa any harm to remain with her that night beyond his usual hour. Thus solicitous was she about those whom she had always loved, when, as the doctor said, the dew of death was on her forehead, and from the dreadful heaving of her breast, he thought it not probable that she would hold out till morning. Her respiration was difficult, yet she listened to her papa's conversation with Mrs. S., and hearing them mention Barrow's sermons, observed, that 'Barrow was one of the old authors.'

"In the evening, as my sister and I hung over her at each side of the bed, her mother asked her, 'Who loved her?' she answered, 'Mamma.' 'But who loves you better than mamma?' 'God.' 'And who are you going to?' 'To God.' Then turning her dying eyes to me, she said, as if to comfort me, (and oh! what greater comfort could she have given me), 'Aunt, I am going to God.' The doctor thought, from the strength of her pulse, that she might continue to linger for some time, and every one left us. My sister talked to her of the blessed abode in which all the redeemed of God are securely sheltered: and that even now the door stood open to receive her, from whence she hoped, that she would be appointed the guardian angel of her parents and little brother and sister: to which she answered, with very frequent repetition, 'Oh, let us all keep together.' About twelve o'clock I asked her if she knew me? she answered, 'Yes, my sister.' I watched that darling child, who from infancy was dearer to me than my own existence, passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and I did not shed a tear. An immortal spirit had been permitted to make a transient abode amongst us; and, washed from its earthly contaminations by the blood of the Saviour, was now struggling to escape from its prison-house, that it might ascend to its native regions. And may we not be permitted to hope, that the glorified spirit still hovers around us; that the mother's wish is granted; and that it is now the guardian angel of those by whom it was so cherished? \*

"A tomb of white stone, modelled after the ancient form of that of Scipio, is erected over Anna's grave. To see it properly done has been the occupation of her bereaved parents, whose favourite walk is to visit the interesting spot, not so much to bewail their loss, as to express their thankfulness for having given birth to an angelic spirit."

In the same tone when the father dies. "His wife lately reading to him these words, 'I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God,' he exclaimed, 'Oh, if I were even a stone to be trampled on in the house of my God, it would be better than I deserve.'"

A senseless, unconscious stone—a piece of inert matter!! The tomb for the interesting

girl forms the frontispiece to the volume; and has, among others, an Italian inscription from the pen of Mr. Mathias:

"Sta lagrimando il Padre: Ah! sacro è il pianto:  
Fede dal ciel confortatrice scende;  
Piangere al Fretto, afflittito il Padre accanto  
Al suo Dio il Cristian l'Angiola rende."

An English verse on the same monument is very unlucky in its expression of grief in the last line:

"Her dawn of perfection was rare;  
She was gentle, and tender, and wise,  
She was modest, and patient, and fair;  
ALAS! she was ripe for the skies."

But our task is also done; and we have only to conclude with a literary notice.

"We are just returned from a visit to the Vatican library, which, at first sight, greatly disappointed us; the books are all locked up in close cases, unless the sight of them is particularly requested; and then, only one book at a time is produced. We saw the Old Testament in letters of gold, and some other very curious MSS. We then walked through the beautiful suite of apartments belonging to this branch of the Vatican. Some of our party having expressed a wish to see Mai, who recently discovered a lost work of Cicero, we were shewn into the apartments where he sat, surrounded with old books and parchments. His manner was intelligent and obliging; he seemed to take pleasure in explaining to us, with the greatest accuracy, how the discovery was made, at the same time shewing us the ancient manuscripts. We were told that the library contains 30,000 manuscripts, besides an immense quantity of books, in almost all written languages. Eleven pontiffs have formed the collection, and two centuries have passed in completing it. There are two very fine statues, one of Aristides, the other of S. Hippolytus, on the pedestal of which is written the ancient Pascal calendar. There are also some very ancient Greek paintings; the famous Etruscan boy found in the Via Tarquinia, whose captivating smile is so much admired; and many other curious and beautiful specimens of the productions of antiquity, adorn this noble part of the repository."

It may, we think, be gathered from the foregoing, that there is, as we set out by observing in substance, much to inform and please, and something to offend good taste in this volume. At all events the author is sincere; and her publishers have done her the wise office of submitting her labours to the world in a simple form, and at a very moderate cost; an example well worthy of being imitated, instead of manufacturing ponderous and expensive works out of insignificant and impertinent materials.

*De Beauvoir; or, Second Love.* 3 vols.

London, 1828. Longman and Co.

WRITTEN with great elegance of language, and an occasional grace of illustration which is quite poetical: witness the following little extract:—"Circumstance, the veiled tyrant, at whose mandate the fluctuations of human feeling ebb and flow;—circumstance, which, like the light and tasteful bracelet formed of iron, enchains us with the semblance of fragility and the reality of power."

The narrative part is somewhat involved: the fair author, (for a lady it must be;—there is a fineness in a female hand never to be mistaken,) has allowed the fairy paths of invention to open too many of its mazes: the period of action is too long for our present style of novel; but no one can deny their sympathy to the parts relating to the interesting and high-minded Amelia: certainly

in them the writer has been most successful. Lord Beauvoir's will be a good sketch to show how the characters are drawn.

"Lord de Beauvoir loved society, but it was with that sort of love which makes a plaything of its object. He liked to watch the glancing of its sunbeam, and to mark the variation of its shadow. It was a pleasure to him to read the thoughts of men, whether they were written in smiles or frowns. From the circumstances in which he had been placed, he had made it a point of conscience to study and to discover the characters of those around him; and as in cases of public importance he had often placed beyond a doubt the correctness, and felt the full advantage of the decisions he had formed, it was scarcely to be wondered at, that, trusting by habit to this judgment still, he came frequently to his conclusions where others threw their premises. The doctrine of first impressions seems at first sight of a nature too doubtful and sentimental to be identified with that cool judgment which the discerning form of character; but when the conviction, which reaches us through the medium of the imagination, has in it the distinctness and the power which characterise that whose decree is registered by the judgment, we may be allowed to suppose that the sympathy of the mind has but antedated the result which would have waited on the process of its reasoning. So it was, at least, frequently with Lord de Beauvoir; and looking round from the vantage ground on which he stood, he knew how to win to his side the prejudices and the passions of mankind, and to amuse himself, if so it may be said, at a distance with his own."

Lady Clanallan will be a good pendant to this.

"Lady Clanallan brought with her to the castle all her artillery of graces, and she soon began to consider in what direction it should be planted. To conquer the admiration of her noble host would be the feat *par excellence*. He was one whom the world had looked on as he walked; and he carried with him into his retirement an air of easy and graceful consciousness that it had done so. But Lady Clanallan had a sort of wavering impression on her mind, that the subjugation at which she aimed would be accomplished with difficulty, and that when attained its tenure would be insecure: and although it is affirmed, in some cases, that the very idea of obstacle gives animation to the pursuit, yet, in others, where constitutional indolence unites with pride—the pride which esteems rank only as an accessory, but which makes that and other things ministers to its own importance—in such cases the individuals are scarcely willing to compromise their ease or their self-complacency by taking post in the arena and running the hazard of the contest. How pleasant to receive the homage that waits on us! It is like the courtly compliments that are paid to kings,—but kings descend not from their thrones."

One more simile, and we have done.

"When once fortune begins to smile, it seems as if she determined to smile always. It is like Aladdin walking through his garden of jewels—the light cast by the first he has gathered shews him where he may gather more."

We should think these volumes would be popular, more especially among the fairest of their readers; but we beg to protest against their system of constancy. The author possesses taste, powers, and feelings, which must interest; though in the present rage for writings not founded on nature, but on artificial accounts of artificial society, they may not produce their



full effect. Her first volume appears to be more immature than the later two. We avoid saying a word of the story—for we would not spoil a good, nor attempt to unravel an intricate one.

*Travels in Buenos Ayres and the adjacent Provinces of the Rio de la Plata.* By J. A. B. Beaumont, Esq. 8vo. pp. 270. London, 1828. Ridgway.

THE youthful author of this volume is the son of Mr. Barber Beaumont, who having embarked largely in speculations, the scene of which was laid in the country here described, had every reason to investigate its capabilities and resources to the utmost; and accordingly we find the following data laid down in a short prefix:

"In bringing a remote country under consideration, as suited for the employment of European capital and enterprise, it is the bounden duty of the narrator to set forth, not merely the natural advantages and capabilities which the country may possess, but the local obstructions, of whatever kind, which are likely to defeat the calculations of the capitalist and the emigrant. The neglect of this salutary rule has been productive of immense sacrifices and disappointment to those who have ventured their property and their persons in Buenos Ayres. The writer of these pages and some of his friends have been considerable sufferers from partial representations; they have themselves largely contributed to draw the attention of the British public to the advantages of Buenos Ayres for agricultural emigrants; but he has now seen the country, and the acts of its government, with his own eyes—he has bought his experience at a high price; and he thinks it a duty which he owes to his countrymen and the public to offer them the benefit of that experience. The natural capabilities of the country are of the first order, and these must endure; but the obstructions to their present development, owing to moral and political causes, are such as to demand serious attention."

An intimate acquaintance with the diplomatic agents of Buenos Ayres who visited London in 1824-5, was a useful preparation for the voyage; and nearly a year's residence in the country itself afforded sufficient opportunities for completing the stock of useful information. It is not for us to determine on the full extent of weight which should be attached to the writer's remarks and opinions; but he certainly does make out a strong *prima facie* case, that the credulous English capitalists have been deplorably duped by these Creole tricksters. To have put others on their guard against similar impositions, is a marked merit in the publication:—as for those already embarked, we are convinced by it that they are never likely to see another dividend.

Here is a picture of Buenos Ayres.

"Every *estancia* has a master herdsman (*capataz*), who has under him a *peon* for every thousand head of cattle, or thereabouts. The business of the farm consists in riding round the herds occasionally, followed by dogs, and gathering them into one spot (*rodeo*), where they are kept some time, and then allowed to disperse. This is done to accustom the cattle to keep together, and to disincite them from straying. At other times they are employed in marking the cattle with the stamp of the estate, in cutting young steers and foals, in breaking-in young horses, and, in winter and spring, in killing cattle, for their hides, tallow, and jerked beef (*cheroes*). The *capataz*, and

the *peons* who are married, have generally separate huts. The furniture of these huts usually consists of a barrel to hold water, a small copper pot to boil the water for *máté*, a few gourds, used as *máté* cups, a large iron pot to boil meat in, a bull's horn to drink from, and some sticks, or wooden spits, for roasting the meat. Ox-skulls generally serve to sit on, but some have a few manufactured stools, or a bench, and a bed to sleep on. This last consists of a frame, on which a hide is stretched, and which is raised on four legs, about a foot from the floor. The *peons* more generally sleep on the ground and on their horses' furniture (*recado*). This consists of one or two coarse cloths, of about two yards by one, which are folded and laid on the horses' backs, to receive the saddle; a piece of hide, nearly five feet by two, is laid over the cloths, then comes the saddle, a wooden tree with a high pommel and crupper, stuffed with straw and covered with leather; this at night forms the pillow. The saddle is, indeed, of very general use to the herdsman; it not only furnishes his bed-room, but his *cuisine*—for when other means are not at hand for dressing his meat while travelling, he puts it between the saddle and the horse's back; and after a good gallop, it is turned out very tender, well soaked in gravy, and enough done. This is frequently described, but I never saw it. Another use of the saddle is to secure their clothes against a storm. When they are out on the plains, and a heavy rain is about to descend, they take off their clothes (an operation which, without some pressing occasion, they do not take the trouble to do sometimes for weeks together), and place them under the saddle; they then ride about stark naked, under a plentiful shower-bath, and after this is exhausted, they resume their dry clothes. This, too, is as the story goes; I never saw it. The rural population of these provinces is sadly deficient in female charms; one may travel for days together without seeing a woman. It really might appear as though but few of them were suffered to live, in conformity with the practices of the Indians; but, in fact, this seeming paucity of females arises from their being almost always within doors—while the men being always on horseback, are as habitually in the open air. Their non-appearance, however, is not so great a drawback on the charms of the country as might be supposed, for they are very deficient in the enlivening characteristics of the English country girls; the ruddy complexion, the white though coarse linen, and the decent apparel of our own peasantry, they are strangers to. Their covering is little more than a coarse woollen gown; they are without hats, caps, stays, shoes, or stockings. I never saw any washing of their garments going on in the country; and, from appearances, I should think that neither their clothing nor skins underwent that ceremony unless upon extraordinary occasions. The routine of their family occupation seems to consist in making up the fire to boil the pot for *máté*, cooking the dinner, and rocking the child (if there be one) in a little hammock slung from the roof. As they have no floors to wash, or other ablutions to perform—furniture to set to rights—hose to darn—gardens to trim—fields to work in, or books to read, their vacant hours are numerous, and are past in listless idleness, or in smoking cigars, of which a large consumption takes place among this fair, or rather whity-brown part of the creation. I never had the good fortune to fall into the society of the peasantry at any of their festive scenes; perhaps the population is too scattered

to render such meetings frequent. The only general meeting and jollification of the two sexes which I noticed, was at the Arroyo de la China, in the River Uruguay, where the natives assembled in good numbers to bathe; and the female performers, unencumbered by clothing, swam about with their male acquaintances, and rallied many of our men, who joined their party, upon their inability to compete with them in their aquatic sports.

Travelling fare is not more inviting;—and one instance will serve to shew its attractions.

"In a dark and dismal shed, for such was our refectory, and in the centre of the floor, which was the bare earth, a hollow appeared about two feet in diameter. In this a quantity of wood was lighted, and on a wooden or iron spit, which was driven into the ground and sloped over the fire, a large piece of beef hung to roast; around the fire were the skeletons of horses' and bullocks' heads, to serve for seats. The fire-wood crackled, and the fat hissed, and the light flickered on the ghastly skulls. A gaunt figure, with a dark, haggard countenance, overshadowed with black beetling brows and matted long hair, stood feeding the fire, until I almost fancied I saw Gaspar about to cast 'the seventh bullet.' The hour of repast at length arrived, when several other *peons* entering, joined our party, and soon proceeded to business: each took his head and drew it to the fire, and being seated thereon, grasped his long knife, and proceeded to do the honours of the spit. This consisted in feeling the meat with his dirty hands, to discover the tenderest or best-cooked parts, and then cutting off a slice eight or nine inches long. One end of the meat so cut off he held in his fist, and the other end he poked into his mouth; and when he had got into it as much as it would well hold, by a stroke of his knife he separated the mouthful from the handful, and proceeded in the work of mastication. This was the way with them all; praising the goodness of the meat, and talking and laughing all the while in a manner that rendered it surprising that they did not sometimes cut off their noses instead of the steak: however large the piece of meat, they seldom made more than three mouthfuls of it, and these they gulped down with astonishing quickness. The dissection of the roast limb being completed, and little more than a bare bone being left on the spit, the second course was introduced. The *caldo*, a pot of broth and meat, was then uncovered; this stood a little on one side of the fire, so that the party had to shift their seats, and lay their heads together in a closer circle. The meat was then drawn from the pot by the fingers of one of the party, and he and the rest cut and ate it on the same principles of carving and devouring as were used with the roast meat. The broth was drunk with the assistance of scollop shells; but, as there was a deficiency in the number of these, one shell had to salute many lips. In sipping the broth, they held their heads (that is, not their seats, but their own living heads,) over the pot, so that whatever ran over the mouth, or was ejected, from being found too hot, was not lost, but returned to the common stock. This repast was unflavoured with salt, seasoning, or vegetables of any kind; and nothing was drank but the pot liquor. The feast proceeded, and was finished with much jocularly, my companion declaring the beef excellent; and to my surprise handling it with as much ease as though he had been a *gaucho* born and bred; but, alas! I could not yet bring my stomach to the new mode of life which I had to lead—the satisfaction with

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which my dark and dirty companions fingered the roasting joint—the keenness with which they grasped and gulped the severed slices—the adroitness with which they tore the *bouilli* with their fingers, and laved their throats and chins with the broth—all failed to excite me to a spirit of emulation. Even the cravings of a good appetite (for I had eaten nothing all day) were insufficient to make me a partaker of the feast. I grew delicate, and went to bed; that is, on the bare ground in an adjoining shed, I spread out a hide for my couch, and with my saddle for a pillow, and no covering but my poncho and clothes, laid me down to sleep. But sleep I could get none; for I had no sooner laid down than I was attacked by legions of fleas—the natives are generally fond of strangers, and none are more so than the fleas; they absolutely devoured me with their carresses; to catch them was out of the question; all that could be attempted was to disturb them, and drive them from their meals. To do this, I was kept kicking and jerking like a galvanised frog for several hours, until worn out, I fell asleep, and left them to the undisturbed enjoyment of their wicked will. *O Dio! chi probò mai tormento eguale al mio!* When I awoke they were still feasting away; many fell under the hand of retributive justice, and many sought safety in flight; but, like the Parthians, they were no sooner driven from one position than they renewed their attacks on another; and no resource was left to me but to retreat. By getting into the open air, and taking off my garments and shaking them well, I contrived to dislodge my tormentors; who, at last, had become so gorged, that they could scarcely hop off. I afterwards found by experience (contrary to what might be supposed,) that the kitchens or sheds, having fires in them, were less beset with fleas than the ranchos, which had none; and accordingly took up my sleeping quarters in them when I could do so. In the kitchens there is a great deal of moving about, and little harbour for fleas; whereas, in the ranchos, used chiefly for storage of goods, such as ponchos, saddles, blankets, and for sleeping in, the tormentors find cover, and a repose which may be needful for enemies who exert themselves so much when on duty."

An audience of the President Rivadavia is not only characteristic but of some consequence, as it affects English relations with Buenos Ayres; but this and some other matters require a farther notice.

#### Craddock's Literary Memoirs.

THE very agreeable nature of the mélange which we have extracted from these posthumous memoirs, could not be improved by any remarks of ours; and we therefore (in this matter) exercise, we trust, the sounder discretion of Reviewers, by selecting what is most likely to please our readers, and by not occupying the place of such selections by unnecessary observations. Mr. Craddock speaks from actual experience in all the following interesting notices of distinguished persons.

*Gray the Poet.*—"As Mr. Gray was so very shy and distant, few guessed at his 'peculiar humour,' as Hurd was pleased to term it; he was generally seen through the melancholy medium of his own Churchyard Elegy. From recollection, I am sure Lord Sandwich was aware of him; for, about the time he offered himself as high steward, contrary to his usual maxim of not seeing an enemy on public occasions, he once said to me, I have my private reasons for knowing of his absolute inveteracy.

Of this I have now seen proof in the poem of *Jemmy Twitcher*, published by Mr. Mitford, and directly applying to that contest. His *Long Story* indeed had been printed; but the world in general did not see the meaning of it, and it was every where disputed whether there was any humour or not. Many light satires perhaps have since been given to him that he did not write, but certainly very like him: take that, for instance, on the Cambridge Condolence and Congratulation on the Death of King George the Second, and the Accession of George the Third.

'The Old One's dead,  
And in his stead,  
The New One takes his place:  
Then sing and sigh,  
And laugh and cry,  
With dismal cheerful face.'

"After Mason had published his *Life*, his *Letters* and *Satires* on the University were apparent; and the reverend biographer, by publishing them, gave no small offence. Being desirous of ascertaining who had dared to speak with high displeasure, he was informed, that the Right Reverend Dr. Keene had given his decided opinion against them. 'Has he?' replied Mason, hastily; 'I wish I had been aware of that sooner; for I purposely suppressed Gray's epitaph on his lordship:

'Here lies Dr. Keene, the good bishop of Chester,  
Who eat up a fat goose, but could not digest her.'

*Garrick.*—"In the latter part of his life Garrick permitted people to tell him what others said of him, and often suffered himself to be annoyed by petty warfare. Every rough remark of Johnson's was sure to reach his ears or his eyes, through the public press. 'Garrick,' said Dr. Johnson, 'begins to complain of the fatigue of the stage. Sir, a man that bawls turnips all day for his bread does twice as much.' Garrick had just cause to retaliate. His story of Dr. Johnson's reciting and writing *Irene*, with Mrs. Johnson (Tetty) waiting for him to come to bed—'sacred to love, to pleasure, and *Irene*—'and tucking in the bed-clothes by mistake, as he was writing by the bed-side,—was wonderfully ludicrous. Yet I am convinced they had the greatest regard for each other. Nothing hurt Garrick like the character of *Prospero* in the *Rambler*; and I have reason to think Johnson, when he found it was applied, was ever after sorry for it. Dr. Johnson once called upon Mr. Garrick in Southampton Street, and was shewn into his study; but unfortunately the door being left open, he strayed into an adjoining room, which contained all the novels and lighter works which had been presented as elegant tributes to this most admired actor. Johnson read first a bit of one, then another, and threw all down; so that, before the host arrived, the floor was strewn with splendid octavos. Garrick was exceedingly angry at finding Johnson there; and said, 'it was a private cabinet, and no company was admitted there.' 'But,' says Johnson, 'I was determined to examine some of your valuables, which I find consist of three sorts, *stuff, trash, and nonsense!*'

"When Garrick was about to leave the stage, he said to a party of us: 'I gained my fame by *Richard*, and I mean to end with it.' He accordingly ordered a truly proper dress,—only one, for he wore the same on the throne (with Buckingham) and in *Bosworth Field*. He was then solicited to play *Lear*, but replied: 'I have no dress; my old one is quite worn out' (such was his shabbiness at times about dress, that he would not allow Mrs. Cibber new silk for the green short jacket she wore with *Arante*). Some time afterwards

Garrick said: 'I shall play *Lear* in my new *Richard* dress,' when I laughed. 'Pray,' says he, 'where's the impropriety? what costume is better, pray, on any authority?' I ventured to say: 'For heaven's sake, do not give your enemies such an opportunity.' Garrick said, 'he was determined;' and with gray locks, (I recollect no other alteration) he took his leave in *Lear*.

"Whilst Mr. Garrick honoured me with a visit, some person seeing a grasier ride by, expressed his surprise, as he thought the poor man was dying of the stone; but it was said in answer, that he had received great benefit from taking Adams's solvent. I do not know that I was present. This, however, dwelt on Mr. Garrick's mind, and he afterwards applied for particulars. Dr. Brocklesby, who attended Mr. Garrick, expressed great displeasure that he should pay any attention to such an idle report. I think Garrick said to me: 'I can play *Richard*; but I dread the fight and the fall. I am afterwards in agonies.' Some time afterwards, Dr. Brocklesby said: 'I do not know who your friend is that recommends such a medicine; but he'll be the death of you,' to which he warmly replied: 'I have taken all your medicines, and from this solvent only, I think I feel some relief, and I had rather die than suffer as I do.' Garrick was opened after his decease. About this time, wherever Garrick travelled in summer, to Althorpe, &c. some malicious persons previously sent little dirty letters, or rather directions, to him, at such a nobleman's, &c. 'To Mr. David Garrick, Player.' When he came to me, Mr. Arden questioned my household privately whether any such letters were sent there. Garrick once expressed himself excessively annoyed by this; but he knew all the parties concerned. It has been said that Mr. Garrick was penurious; but it must be considered that a great sum was lost in his West India speculation. He was rather over-reached in his bargain with Mr. Sheldon about his house in Southampton Street; and though he derived some advantages, through Lord Mansfield, in the purchase of the house in the Adelphi, yet on the whole it was an expensive affair. Then he had a house at Hampton; and he and Mrs. Garrick travelled in their own coach and four. If the whole is weighed, and the opinion of a person of great character (Mr. Wallace) in the law referred to, at the time of his death, Mrs. Garrick did not find herself so totally unembarrassed as she might have expected. Having mentioned Mr. Sheldon, I cannot forbear, at the distance of full forty years, from adding some particulars. Mr. Sheldon and his brother were very rich men. Mr. S. married a near relative of Mr. Charles Yorke, for a short time Lord Chancellor. Mr. Sheldon's eldest son, through the Rev. Mr. Sparrow, of Walthamstow, became intimate with me, and was frequently at my house in summer. After the dreadful death of Mr. Yorke, the newspapers more than hinted that he committed suicide, and this was mentioned at my table, not knowing Mr. Sheldon was his nephew. Mr. Sheldon replied to the gentleman: 'I pledge you my honour my relative did not cut his throat.' When Mr. Sheldon was out of the room, the gentleman regretted that he had mentioned the circumstance; but said he was utterly astonished at Mr. Sheldon's denial. A gentleman then said: 'I believe I know the truth from Mr. Sheldon. After Mr. Charles Yorke left his Majesty, and had accepted the seals, it was said Lord Rockingham and others expressed much resentment. Lord Rockingham, for himself, expressly de-



nied that he said anything. However, Mr. Charles Yorke went privately to his sideboard, and took out a bottle of some very strong liquor. He was subject to a violent stomach complaint. This liquor brought on violent sickness, and in the paroxysm he broke a blood vessel. After his death he was laid out, and the neck exposed to several persons purposely permitted to view the corpse. This I rather think was the whole truth."

"I think it was Garrick who introduced Dr. Hardinge to Dr. Darwin, who had an impediment in his speech, but was a very different sort of man. Dr. Hardinge said to him, 'My dear doctor, you have a damned ugly trick of stuttering. I am sure I could cure you.' To which Dr. Darwin very well replied, 'Physician, heal thyself.' Dr. Hardinge appeared to me in manner, and in regard to his eating, to be a copy of Quin. I have before hinted that Garrick spoke of the doctor as a professed wit, and as a licensed man in all companies; and the Duke of Manchester afterwards owned, that at no house had he been more spoilt, both by ladies as well as gentlemen, than at Kimbolton. This reminded me of some circumstances at Hinchinbrooke. His grace dined there one day at the Christmas music meeting; and when we were assembled in the drawing-room, Dr. Hardinge was the subject of conversation. Lord Sandwich had only heard of him, and his lordship could not bear the least breach of decorum. Some gentleman in the room mentioned to the Duke of Manchester, that he heard Dr. Hardinge dined last week at his public table. 'O yes,' says the Duke, 'and the doctor out-did himself. You recollect it was a remarkably cold day, and just as the duchess was about to take the head of the table, the doctor exclaimed, 'My lady duchess, I think your chair, with that canvass back to it, must be the most comfortable in the room; I should like to take it.' And the duchess said immediately: 'then I am sure, doctor, you shall be welcome to it.' When Lord Sandwich hastily said: 'And, sir, did her grace give it up to him?' 'Certainly,' replied the duke, 'and we all laughed immoderately;' but turning round, he caught such a look in Lord Sandwich's face, that he instantly changed the conversation. Once dining there afterwards (for though the house of Montague were sometimes divided in county politics, they were never unfriendly upon the whole), the Duke of Manchester said, 'I cannot think how Sandwich manages so well as he does with all this party for a week in his house; all is under his own immediate direction, and all as regular as clock-work. Why in this room, at the long and round table in the bow-window, he accommodates seventy.' The principal anecdote I know about Dr. Hardinge occurred at Buxton. The doctor, as was his practice, was determined to challenge public notice: after dinner he got up, and first drinking the health of the person at the head of the table, then proceeded to describe the dress or appearance of each person as he advanced; and absolutely put many ladies, by exciting such notice, to the blush; till at last a gentleman towards the bottom said, 'Who can this man be?' 'Two to one,' exclaimed a gentleman near, 'I fell this crowing cock at a first throw,' and immediately drank to him aloud: 'Signor Vida, here's your good health in a bumper.' The doctor immediately required an explanation. 'O,' says the gentleman, 'I'll give it to all the company directly. This man took in subscriptions several years ago for publishing Vida's poems; he took my money, but I never

heard any thing more of the book.' From the account I heard, the doctor immediately retreated, to the no small laughter of the company."

Goldsmith.—"I particularly recollect, that when Goldsmith was near completing his 'Natural History,' he sent to Dr. Percy and me, to state that he wished not to return to town, from Windsor I think, for a fortnight, if we would only complete a proof that lay upon his table in the Temple. It was concerning birds, and many books lay open that he occasionally consulted for his own materials. We met by appointment; and Dr. Percy, smiling, said, 'Do you know any thing about birds?' 'Not an atom,' was my reply: 'do you?' 'Not I,' says he, 'scarce know a goose from a swan: however, let us try what we can do.' We set to work, and our task was not very difficult. Sometime after the work appeared, we compared notes, but could not either of us recognise our own share. I come now to the last day but one I passed with poor Goldsmith (see vol. i. p. 234), whose loss (with whatever faults he might have) I shall ever lament whilst 'memory of him holds its seat.' At his breakfast in the Temple, as usual, I offered every aid in my power as to his works; some amendments had been agreed upon in his 'Traveller,' and more particularly his 'Deserted Village.' Some of the bad lines in the latter I have by me marked. 'As to my 'Hermits,' that poem, Cradock, cannot be amended.' I knew he had been offered ten pounds for the copy; and it was introduced into the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' to which he applied himself entirely for a fortnight, to pay a journey to Wakefield. 'As my business then lay there,' said he, 'that was my reason for fixing on Wakefield as the field of action. I never took more pains than in the first volume of my 'Natural History;' surely that was good, and I was handsomely repaid for the whole. My 'Roman History,' Johnson says, is well abridged.' Indeed, I could have added, that Johnson (when Goldsmith was absent) would frequently say, 'Why, sir, whatever that man touches he adorns;' for, like Garrick, when not present, he considered him as a kind of sacred character. After a general review of papers lying before him, I took leave; when, turning to his study-table, he pointed to an article I had procured for him, and said, 'You are kindest to me.' I only replied, 'You mean more rude and saucy than some others.' However, much of the conversation took a more melancholy tone than usual, and I became very uneasy about him. When I returned to town after his death (see vol. i. p. 236), I had an interview with his nephew, an apothecary in Newman Street, and the two sister milliners, the Miss Gunns, who resided at a house at the corner of Temple Lane, who were always most attentive to him, and who once said to me, most feelingly, 'O sir, sooner persuade him to let us work for him, gratis, than suffer him to apply to any other; we are sure that he will pay us if he can.' Circumstanced as he was, I know not what more could have been done for him. It was said he improperly took laudanum; but all was inwardly disturbed. Had the doctor freely laid open all the debts he had contracted, I am certain that his zealous friends were so numerous, that they would freely have contributed to his relief. I mean here explicitly to assert only, that I believe he died miserably, and that his friends were not entirely aware of his distress."

Johnson.—"A gentleman venturing to say to Johnson, 'Sir, I wonder sometimes that you

condescend so far as to attend a city club,' 'Sir, the great chair of a full and pleasant club is perhaps the throne of human felicity;' and he might have added, 'I collected in early life many anecdotes and characters from such clubs, with which I embellished my *Ramblers* and *Idlers*.' I was not fortunate in obtaining the return of some papers I had procured for Johnson in regard to Gray and others, and particularly a French translation of the *Merchant of Venice*. Something had been said before him about a note of Mason's relative to the mistake of a translator, and the explanation of the word bowling-green; when I entertained him with a more laughable instance of a mistake in regard to the passage of the return of 'my ship Andrew,' (*mon Andrev*), in the *Merchant of Venice*. 'This,' says the translator, 'is in England a very merry fellow, who plays tricks at a celebrated annual fair held there, and frequently, by his buffooneries, brings home to his employers very extensive gains.'"

"Mr. Alleyne, a very honest man, was Johnson's landlord, and much respected by him; but Tom Davies often diverted his friends at Alleyne's expense. By living so much with the great luminary, he had imbibed some of his pompous diction, which unfortunately being filled up with some phrases that he himself frequently made use of, such as foh! foh! lack-a-day! fiddle-de-dee! Tom Davies furnished a rich melange out of all of it, and entertaining us frequently with it, he forgot himself, and introduced it before Johnson. 'And pray, Davies,' some of us asked, 'how did he receive it?' 'Why, I found he understood it, and only rubbed his mouth, and walked to the window.' Mr. Alleyne was a respectable stationer. These slight anecdotes gave a key to Johnson's real character: he always meant to be on the side of justice, virtue, and humanity."

"The last time I saw Dr. Johnson was just before I went to France. He said, with a deep sigh, 'I wish I was going with you.' He had just been disappointed of a tour to Italy. Of all men I ever knew, Dr. Johnson was the most instructive."

Our opinion of this entertaining work has already been expressed; and we have only in conclusion again to thank Mr. Nichols, its editor, for the taste, judgment, and good feeling, he has displayed throughout.

#### Chateaubriand's *Travels*, &c. (Second Notice.)

THE following, from the interior of the Floridas, is still more characteristic of the author than our preceding quotations—(were a pun allowable, more florid):

"At some distance from the shore, in the shade of a bald cypress, we observed small pyramids of mud rising from the bottom of the water, and reaching to the surface. A legion of gold-fish made in silence their approaches to these citadels. All at once the water boiled up, and the gold-fish fled. Crabs, armed with shears, issuing from the insulated spot, overthrew their brilliant enemies; but the dispersed bands soon returned to the charge, made the besieged give way in their turn, and the brave but slow-motioned garrison retired backward to recruit itself in the fortress. The crocodile, floating like the trunk of a tree, the trout, the pike, the perch, the cannel, the bass, the bream, the drum-fish, the gold-fish, all mortal enemies to each other, were sporting pell-mell in the lake, and seemed to have made a truce, that they might enjoy together the beauty of the evening: the azure fluid was painted with their changing colours. The



water was so limpid that it seemed as though you could have touched with your finger the actors in this scene, who were frisking at the depth of twenty feet in their grotto of crystal. To regain the creek where we had formed our establishment, we had but to let ourselves float at the pleasure of the wind and water. The sun was near setting: in the fore-ground of the island appeared evergreen oaks, the horizontal branches of which formed a parasol, and azaleas, which glistened like net-work of coral. In the rear of this fore-ground rose papayas, the most beautiful of all trees; their straight, grayish, and carved trunk, from twenty to twenty-five feet in height, supports a tuft of long ribbed leaves, resembling in their outline the graceful *S* of an antique vase. The pear-shaped fruit is ranged round the stem; you would take them for glass crystals: the entire tree looks like a column of chased silver, surmounted by a Corinthian urn. Lastly, in the back-ground, the magnolias and the liquidambar rose gradually into the air. The sun sank behind the curtain formed by the trees of the plain.

"On our right were the Indian ruins, on our left our hunters' camp: the island expanded before us its landscapes engraved or modelled in the water. In the east, the moon, touching the horizon, seemed to rest motionless on the distant hills; in the west, the vault of heaven appeared to be melted into a sea of diamonds and sapphires, in which the sun, half-set, looked as though it were dissolving. The brute animals were, like ourselves, attentive to this grand spectacle: the crocodile, turned towards the luminary of day, spouted from his open mouth the water of the lake in coloured jets; the pelican, perched on a withered bough, praised the Author of nature in his way; while the stork soared to bless him above the clouds."

How like the ancient superstitions of the Old World is the following belief!

"The savages of Florida relate, that in the centre of a lake there is an island where dwell the most beautiful women in the world. The Muscogulges set out several times to attempt the conquest of the magic island; but the elysian retreat, fleeting before their canoes, at length disappeared—a natural image of the time which we lose in the pursuit of our chimeras. In this country was likewise the Spring of Youth. Who would wish to be young again?"

"Clouds (continues M. de C., in his highly figurative vein) are beginning to spring up from the north-western horizon, and slowly rising in the sky. We are making a shelter for ourselves with boughs, in the best manner we can. The sun becomes overcast; the first muttering of the thunder is heard; the crocodiles reply to it with a hollow roar, as one thunder-peal answers another. An immense column of clouds extends from north-east to south-east; the rest of the sky is of a dirty copper colour, semi-transparent, and tinged with the lightning. The wilderness illumined by a false day-light, the storm suspended over our heads and ready to burst, present a scene replete with grandeur. The tempest commences. Figure to yourself a deluge of fire without wind and without water. The smell of sulphur fills the atmosphere. Nature is lighted as by the flames of a conflagration. Now the cataracts of the abyss open; the drops of rain are not separate; a sheet of water unites the clouds and the earth. The Indians say that the noise of thunder is caused by immense birds fighting in the air, and by the efforts of an old man to vomit a

viper of fire. In proof of this assertion they shew you trees which the lightning has branded with the likeness of a serpent. These storms frequently set fire to the forests; they continue to burn till the conflagration is stopped by the current of some river: these burned forests are converted into lakes and marshes. The curlews, whose voices we hear in the atmosphere amidst the rain and the thunder, announce the conclusion of the storm. The wind rends the clouds, which fly shattered across the heavens; the thunder and the lightning attached to their flanks follow them; the air becomes cool and sonorous: no relic of the deluge is left but the drops of water which fall in pearls from the foliage of the trees."

The frequent gaps which occur in these volumes, made by references to other publications of the author, such as the *Natches*, *History of the Revolution*, &c. destroy the continuity of the narrative, and give it a very desultory and unconnected form—*dijuncta membra*. After describing the lakes of Canada, at the close of this volume, we have several chapters of *Recollections of Indian Manners*; and from these we shall conclude our illustrations by a few miscellaneous extracts.

"Plurality of wives is permitted; a contrary abuse sometimes consigns a woman to several husbands: the ruder tribes offer their wives and daughters to strangers. It is not depravity, but a deep sense of their wretchedness, which urges the Indians to this sort of infamy: they expect to render their family more fortunate by changing the paternal blood. The savages of the north-west were anxious to have offspring by the first negro whom they saw; they took him for an evil spirit, and hoped that by naturalising him among them, they should conciliate the black genii, and secure protectors among them."

*Curious Fishery.*—"The savages are as skilful in fishing as expert in the chase. They fish with hooks and nets; and they also know how to empty ponds. But they have great public fisheries. The most celebrated of all these fisheries was that of the sturgeon, which took place in the Mississippi and its branches. It opened with the marriage of the net. Six warriors and six matrons carrying the net advanced into the midst of the spectators in the public place, and demanded in marriage for their son, the net, two young females whom they pointed out. The parents of the girls signified their consent, and the girls and the net were married by the sorcerer with the customary ceremonies. The Doge of Venice married the sea. The marriage was succeeded by characteristic dances. The people then proceeded to the river, where the canoes and boats were assembled at the bank. The new wives, enveloped in the net, were borne at the head of the procession: the party embarked after providing themselves with pine-torches and stones for striking fire. The net, its wives, the sorcerer, the Great Chief, four Sachems, and eight warriors as rowers, put off in a large canoe, which took the lead of the fleet. This fleet sought some bay frequented by the sturgeon. By the way they fished for any sort of fish; for trout with the drag-nets, and for the armed fish with the hook. The sturgeon is struck with an harpoon fastened to a cord, which is tied to the inner bar of the canoe. The fish when struck strives to escape and draws the canoe after it; but by degrees its speed decreases, and it rises to the surface of the water and expires. The different attitudes of the fishermen, the play of the oars, the motion of the sails, the position of the canoes, grouped or

scattered, shewing the side, the prow, or the stern, exhibit altogether a most picturesque sight: the scenery on shore forming the motionless back-ground to this moving picture. At nightfall torches were lighted in the canoes, and their flame was repeated on the surface of the water. The canoes being now pretty close together threw masses of shade on the reddened waves; you would have taken the Indian fishermen moving about in these vessels for their own Manitous, those fantastic beings, begotten by superstition and the dreams of the savage. At midnight the sorcerer gave the signal for retreat, declaring that the net wished to retire with its two wives. The canoes drew up in two lines. A torch was symmetrically and horizontally placed between every two rowers on board the canoes; these torches, parallel with the surface of the river, appeared or were intercepted from view by the undulation of the waves, and resembled flaming oars plunging into the water to speed the canoes along. The epithalamium of the net was then sung; the net, in all the glory of a bridegroom, was declared conqueror of the sturgeon, which wears a crown, and is twelve feet in length. The rout of the whole army of fish was delineated:—the lencornet, the barbs of which serve to entangle its enemy; the chaousaron, provided with a dentated lance, hollow and perforated at the end; the artimague, which unfurls a white flag; the crabs, which precede the warrior-fish to clear the way for them—all these were vanquished by the net. Then came stanzas describing the affliction of the widows of these fishes. 'In vain these widows learn to swim: never more shall they behold those with whom they love to rove in the submarine forests; never more shall they repose with them on beds of moss covered by a transparent dome.' The net is invited, after all these exploits, to sleep in the arms of its two wives."

The second volume of this work (and the *Game of the Bones* in the first) still remain to court our analysis in a future number of the *Literary Gazette*.

#### Austria as it is.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

In our preceding Review we followed the author through Germany, and left him as he entered upon the main subject of his work—Austria, where we now resume our analysis, or rather our illustrations.

"The Austrian police has at least one good feature:—it is the close attention which it pays not only to the comfort, but even to the inexperience of the sojourner. Landlords, hackney-coachmen, and all that train of hangers-on infesting baths and hotels, are here honest from necessity. An extorting landlord is fined without mercy, and footmen are ordered away, should they dare to impose on a sojourner."

There is nothing so very bad in this trait; and elsewhere we are told of Bohemia, "it is but fair to state, that the condition of the peasantry has been improved, especially since the times of Joseph."

Nevertheless, the author says, "what a powerful thing national feeling is, we may learn by the contrast existing between the Bohemians, Poles, and even Hungarians. Their looks speak. Their mournful countenances, when they hear the name of a free country pronounced; their clenching of the teeth when they hear of Great Britain's free sons; and their inexpressible sadness when their own country is mentioned, the battles they had to



fight for a strange cause, the armies they have to recruit and to pay, for their own oppression, and for the sceptre of a family who are strangers to them and their interest, though for centuries their masters,—and who, in their imbecility, see only the means of keeping them in subjection, and crippling their national resources. An intuitive national feeling and hatred towards foreigners, especially Germans, are among the characteristic features of the Slavonian nations."

The following are extremely characteristic: "When Count O'Donnel, minister of finances, died, the emperor, then at Prague, looked round for a successor, and the then supreme burgrave, Count Wallis, was called before him. 'Count,' he was accosted, 'I am going to reward you for your faithful services. O'Donnel is dead—I have designated you for his successor.' 'Your majesty,' replied the count, 'will most graciously condescend to consider that I am entirely ignorant in this department, as I have never paid the least attention to it.' 'That is what I want; never mind, you will learn it,' resumed the emperor; 'every one to his business. You were a faithful supreme burgrave, you will be a no less faithful finance minister.' The consequence was, as might be expected, a bankruptcy, which, in the financial history, will be recorded as disgraceful as the battle of Ulm, which was owing to nearly the same cause. These explanations will fully account for the painful ignorance, servility, and narrowness of conception of the Austrian officers, both civil and military. Out of a thousand secretaries, counsellors, and assessors, who have run through the whole course of studies, you will not find fifty who can give you an explanation of the financial state of the empire. Out of a thousand Austrian captains, there will not be fifty who have the least idea of tactics, except those of the artillery and engineers. These gentlemen advance colonels, generals, field-marshal, lieutenants, not by dint of military prowess or knowledge, but according to the rule of seniority; while the others, plodding on in the same way, become counsellors of the court, of the state, and the managers of the household of the emperor. Thus, while we see poor countries like Saxony and Prussia prospering, paying off their debts, and establishing a firm national credit,—their armies, with a soldiery far inferior to the Austrian in discipline and military prowess, fighting their battles successfully,—the Austrian empire, with its immense resources, is impoverished every day more and more, through the ignorance of their financial men; and, owing to the same cause, their armies are beaten and captured like so many herds of cattle, through the supine idiotism of their commanders. There are several omens which have induced his imperial majesty to direct his attention not only to his officers, whom he considers less as public servants than as his own, but to the inhabitants generally. In a country where the lower classes are servile and ignorant, the feeling of honour, of course, very precarious, it requires little pains for the agents of the police to induce servants to betray their masters. For every information the former carry to the police, they obtain one or two ducats. During my stay, a merchant gave a dinner to several of his friends. The conversation turned on the new loan. Every one gave his opinion, which was unfavourable to the measure. Next day he was called before the chief of the police, to account for the language used at his party. The merchant pleaded his right to discuss public pecuniary affairs: but he was answered,

that it was no business of his, as he was not a banker; and that a repetition of such disrespectful language would be punished with imprisonment! The merchant returned home, and instantly dismissed his servants, being convinced of their having betrayed him. He is again summoned to answer the cause of the dismissal of his servants. Again he pleads his right to do as he pleases; and the director and chief of the police, an imperial counsellor of the government, holding the rank of a colonel, and a knight of an order, has the impudence to assure him upon his honour, that he did not get his information from the servants! It is impossible to form an adequate idea of the ramifications of this product of a bad public conscience. Every footman in a public-house is a salaried spy: there are spies paid to visit the taverns and hotels, who take their dinners at the *table d'hôte*. Others will be seen in the imperial library for the same purpose, or in the bookseller's shop, to inquire into the purchases made by the different persons. Of course, letters sent and received by the post, if the least suspicious, are opened; and so little pains are taken to conceal this violation of public faith, that the seal of the post-office is not seldom added to that of the writer. These odious measures are not executed with that *finesse* which characterises the French, nor with the military rudeness of the Prussian, but in that silly and despicable way of the Austrian, who, as he is the most awkward personage for this most infamous of all commissions, takes, notwithstanding, a sort of pride in being an imperial instrument and a person of importance. One characteristic feature of this government is particularly striking: its persecution turns less against foreigners than the people who communicate with them. They and their families are exposed to every sort of chicanery; and for this reason, it is almost impossible to associate, if we except noblemen, with the better classes, all of them dreading the crafty severity of their suspicious government.

"Our landlord, an honest and wealthy wine cultivator of Rotzbach, had a law-suit against the lord of the domain, respecting a ward to whom the former was guardian. Determined not to have the suit procrastinated, he went forthwith to see the Emperor Francis. He was of course received, and stated his case. 'Have you got the cognizance?' demanded the emperor. 'Yes, I have,' replied the farmer. 'Then I will tell you what,' resumed the emperor; 'you had better go to the Aulic Counsellor S—z, and let him see it.' 'But would it not be better,' said the frank Austrian, 'if your majesty would command M. Schwarzin to do it?' 'No, my child,' said the emperor, 'you don't understand; that business must have its way; I cannot do any thing beforehand; go, go, and you will hear what he says, and then come and tell me.' He went accordingly to the Counsellor S—z, who answered, that he could not do any thing before matters were brought to him in the regular course of business. Again he returned to the emperor, who with the same patience exhorted him to wait, and that he would himself take care and expedite it. The farmer then returned home, and in six weeks his law-suit was decided in his favour."

The portrait of the Emperor of Austria, at the end of the annexed extract, is by no means so flattering as Sir Thomas Lawrence's.

"The imperial burg, tainted with the gray hue of age, contrasts strangely with the splendid and modern apartments of the Imperial Chan-

celerie; but it convinces you at once of that imperial pride which prefers a stately ancient residence to a more splendid modern one. The interior is magnificent, and the pomp and taste of nearly six centuries are here blended in the different dresses and exhibitions of this splendid court. A guard of grenadiers on the left hand, with four mounted cannons, shew you that you are before the entrance of the emperor's apartments. A double flight of stairs leads hence to a noble staircase from this to the first guard-room, occupied by the German and Hungarian guards; the former dressed as Austrian majors of the infantry, in white coats, with red cuffs and collars, three-cornered hats trimmed with gold lace. The Hungarian is the hussar dress, with their tiger-skin *kalpaks* glittering with gold and embroidery, without doubt the most splendid guard in the world. Their number is fifty, all of them Hungarian noblemen, who bear the rank of premier lieutenants. Their captain is Prince Esterhazy. From this dazzling apartment you enter into that of a sort of Pensionaires, dressed in yellow and black mixture, of the old Spanish and German costume. From this you go into the common *saal*, or audience-room. The next apartment is that of the imperial pages, dressed in red and silver. A few steps farther will bring you to the apartment of the chamberlains, two of whom are always in waiting: they are distinguished by a gold bullion on their back and a golden key. Of the sumptuousness of this court personate, you may form an idea by the twenty-five body-coachmen, fifty body-footmen, and twenty-five body-servants of the chambers attending his majesty. The adjoining room is the private cabinet, a simple but costly furnished chamber, with green curtains, in which, leaning with the right hand on a moderate mahogany table, there stands a figure of a middle size, but exceedingly lank, surmounted by an oblong head, with a couple of large blue eyes, apparently all openness and sincerity, but for a sinister twinkling, long and hollow cheeks, which seemed to have ceded all their flesh to the chin, and a pair of thick lips, expressing now and then a good-humoured complacency, with his head at times nodding, and again a scowling sullenness. Let your eyes descend on a frame most loosely hung together, legs on which four consorts have scarcely left an ounce of flesh; boots dangling about a pair of equally ill-provided feet,—and you have the descendant of nineteen emperors, and the present sovereign of Austria. When still archduke, he followed his uncle, the Emperor Joseph, to Hungary. A certain phlegm, and I may be allowed to say every-day manner, made this emperor exclaim, in a fit of impatience, 'That is a good-for-nothing boy; he will spoil every thing again,' alluding to the reforms Joseph had carried on. The opinion which Prince Kaunitz gave shortly before his death was little more flattering. 'The French revolution is going to make Europe one large field of battle. I am sorry my country will be the chief party in the contest, will be the loser, and what has been united during five hundred years will be dissolved.'"

The notice of young Napoleon is interesting. "He is (says the writer) indeed, an interesting youth, beautifully formed, with the countenance and the fine cut lips of his father, and the blue eyes of his mother. One cannot see this blooming youth, with his inexpressible tint of melancholy and thoughtfulness, without a deep emotion. He has not that marked, plain, and familiar ease of the Austrian princes, who seem to be every where at home; but his demeanour is more dignified, and noble in the



extreme. Two Prussian officers arrived with us at Shoenbrunn, his residence, and wished to be introduced to him. His lord chamberlain was just refusing their indelicate demand, in rather an animadverting manner, when the prince stepped out from his apartments, and advanced towards the grand staircase before the palace, to take a ride with his governor. He stopped awhile before the two officers, his eyes fixed; describing at the same time figures on the ground. At last, casting a significant glance at them, '*des Prussiens?*' demanded he; and turning gracefully aside, he went down to mount his horse. It is an Arabian steed, a present from his grandfather; and he strides it with a nobleness which gives the promise of as good horsemanship as that for which his father was so celebrated. We saw him some time after at the head of his *escadron*, who almost adore him; and he commanded with a precision and a military eye which prognosticate a future general. He is, by virtue of an imperial decree, proprietor of the eight domains of the Grand Duke of Toskana, in Bohemia, with an income of above 20,000*l.* sterling: a greater revenue than is enjoyed by any of the imperial princes, the Archduke Charles excepted. His title is Duke of Reichstadt. He is addressed '*Euer Durchlaucht*,' (*Votre Altesse*.) His rank is immediately after that of the princes of the reigning house, the Austrian family of Este and Toskana. His court establishment is the same with the imperial princes: he has his *obersthofmeister*, his lord chamberlain, aides-de-camp, and a corresponding inferior household. In possession, as he is, of a large fortune, his destination will depend on his talents and on his inclination."

The general character of the population, in the capital at least, is thus summed up:

"The tide runs in Vienna towards gross sensuality in the people;—mute obedience in the public officers;—gloom or dissoluteness among the high nobility, and towards the most complete despotism in the government, which grasps with the iron claws of its emblem—the double eagle—the whole empire, and keeps it in its baneful embraces."

These copious quotations are quite sufficient to illustrate the character of the volume before us; and we should here conclude, but for the temptation to copy an admirable anecdote of one king, who seems to have overcome even the prejudices of our author.

"During one of Prince Metternich's coteries, or rather courts, which he holds as regularly as the emperor does his grand and *petit gala* days, he addressed himself to the Bavarian minister in that *apropos* manner for which he is so well known: 'Your king seems very fond of liberal ideas.' The ambassador was puzzled, but did not reply. 'And of the Greeks too.' No answer. 'A little more prudence would do no harm, or his Bavarian majesty will force us to reprisals not likely to please him. You may inform your sovereign of this.' The new King of Bavaria had just at this time introduced several liberal regulations, which, with his open zeal in favour of the Greeks, displeased Metternich extremely. The ambassador thought it his full duty to report these insinuations to his sovereign. The incensed king sends orders to his ambassador to address to Metternich these words: 'The King of Bavaria is, as sovereign, bound to no explanation except to God and his conscience, and wishes Prince Metternich to let him alone.'"

The King of Bavaria is indeed a noble fellow for a throne: his love of literature and the arts

is an immortal feature in his, as it should be in every, royal character.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, January 4, 1832.

THE booksellers complain sadly of the decline of French gallantry and taste: after being at a great expense in preparing elegantly bound books for Christmas presents, they found there was a much greater demand for *bon bons* than for *bons livres*. The ladies' shoulders have also been neglected:—husbands, friends, and lovers, in days not of yore, were wont to cover them at this season with Cachemire shawls; but this liberality is also gone out of fashion. Hence, if any lady catches a mortal cold for want of a Cachemire, she may fairly lay her death at the door of our cold sex. As to literary presents, the season does not appear to have produced one worth presenting: all the books are old authors dressed in new suits.—We have none of your delightful *Annuaire*s—a large number of which beautiful publications find their way here, and are sold at high prices as gifts to the Anglo-Parisian belles.

The theatres, too, are as dull as the season; and Paris is now almost as foggy as London, which the Duchess de D\*\*\* attributes to the vast influx of English, who bring over the fog, like the plague, in their clothes; and she proposes a quarantine at Calais, where passengers and their effects are to undergo a fumigation of muriatic acid gas. Boileau said,

Un diner rechauffé n'a jamais valu rien:

and the same may be said of the new dramatic pieces, which are a tasteless, indigestible hodge-podge of the broken meat of ancient plays, with a few new couplets on a very old, though by no means stale subject. The mortality of plays has been dreadful the last year: three fourths were still-born—others dragged on an uncertain state of existence for a few days, and then went to the tomb of the Capulets. There are not above three out of so many hundreds, which have survived the nipping frosts of December.

In literature and science nothing very remarkable has appeared, if we except the *Physiology of Taste*, a treatise on transcendent gastronomy, by the late M. Brillart Savarin—it is the *Principia* of the science: the treatise on Legislation, by M. Comte—a kind of spirit of laws, adapted to the wants of the age: the *Dramatic Proverbs* of Le Clercq, which contain more wit and genuine comedy than all the productions that have appeared on the stage within the twelve months:—and Baron Charles Dupin's quarto work on the Productive and Commercial Force of France, on a plan similar to his work on England. One great and rare merit in M. Dupin is to embody the scattered materials of the elements of national prosperity, and presents them in a regular classical form. This merit is his alone; and his works, without containing much that is new, acquire great importance in the practical information they contain on subjects so familiar, that they pass as matters of course, and almost totally unnoticed:—moments pass unheeded, though they are "the stuff that time is made of;" and the practical details of every branch of commerce and industry were neglected by the *savans* and political economists, though they are the elements of national prosperity: these desiderata M. Dupin has supplied, and thereby merited well of his country.

As a striking example of the collection of facts, I may give the obituary of public men in France during the year: their decease, isolated,

presented nothing remarkable—it is the *ensemble* which makes a profound impression.

There died in France in 1827, eleven peers of the realm, of whom one was a field-marshal; twenty-two lieutenant-generals; twenty-four major-generals; five bishops; two sub-prefects; two consuls; six deputies of the late chamber; one of the chamber not yet assembled; fourteen deputies of former chambers; four members of the national convention; eleven presidents of courts of justice; one advocate-general; three attorneys-general; seventeen judges; one counsellor of the court of accounts; seven members of the Institute; five painters; twelve literary characters, including one female; five dramatic authors; four composers of music; eight actors; and five actresses.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

MR. WARDEN has presented to the French Academy his work entitled *Researches into the Antiquities of the United States of North America*, and has accompanied the presentation with some very interesting details, adding several notices, not less curious, of the monuments of Palenqué, in the ancient province of Guatemala. The first of these antiquities, hidden for so long a time in the thick forests of the New World, consist of considerable works, which extend from the south shores of Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico, and along the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. These monuments, of various form and size, and the objects of antiquity discovered up to the present period, comprehend, 1. fortifications; 2. tumuli; 3. parallel earthen walls; 4. subterraneous walls of earth and brick; 5. openings in the earth, which have been called wells; 6. rocks with inscriptions; 7. idols; 8. shells belonging to other countries; and, 9. mummies. One of the fortifications, situated in the state of Ohio, covers a surface of above a hundred acres, and is surrounded by a wall of earth, twenty feet thick at its base, and twelve feet high; and by a ditch of about twenty feet wide. On the fortifications and on the tumuli trees have been found of a prodigious size, and on which four hundred annual circles of vegetation are distinctly observable. It is to be remarked that the modern Indians are ignorant of the use of tumuli, and do not make intrenchments. The idols discovered in the state of Tennessee, and at Natchez, in the state of Mississippi, the marine shells of the genus *marex*, found in an ancient fortification in Kentucky, the mummies of the calcareous caverns in the same state, and the hieroglyphic inscriptions on a rock in the state of Massachusetts, are also very important facts in considering the great question of the origin of the Americans. According to Mr. Warden, it may be inferred from them, that the valley of Ohio, from the country of the Illinois to Mexico, has been inhabited by a people very different from that by which it was occupied at the epoch of its discovery by the French colonists of Canada and Louisiana. Every thing respecting the origin, the duration, and the extinction of that people is enveloped in impenetrable mystery. It cannot, however, be doubted that it was much more civilised than any Indian people existing when America was discovered. Nevertheless, that civilisation was trifling compared with the civilisation of the ancient inhabitants of Palenqué. The remains found in the latter country prove that its monuments must have rivalled those of the greatest cities of Europe; and that its people must have arrived at a high cultivation of the intellectual



facilities. The line of fortifications and tumuli extending itself from Mexico to the great lakes of the United States, it is not impossible but that the ancient inhabitants of Ohio were a colony from Palenqué, placed there to facilitate conquest and commerce. This question might be solved if any competent person would examine the skulls of the skeletons found in the valley of Ohio, and compare them with those found at Palenqué; the pointed head and the physiognomy of which differ from those of all known nations. The monuments of Palenqué are certainly the most astonishing discovery that has been made in America. They prove that the continent called the New World was peopled much more anciently than has hitherto been supposed, since it contains vestiges of arts respecting which tradition is silent, and which probably belong to a period more remote than that at which the annals of the European nations begin to be sustained by historical evidence.

#### CHIMNEYS.

WE first introduced to public notice an invention of Mr. Hiort's for improving the formation of chimneys, and predicted its popularity. This invention has been adopted with complete success at the King's new Palace in St. James's Park, St. James's Palace, the new Post-office, the Custom-house, and many other public and private edifices; indeed its security against fire, if it possessed no other quality, would be sufficient to ensure universal patronage. Mr. Hiort has sent us a small pamphlet, to be appended to his Treatise on the Construction of Chimneys, entitled "A Note for the Information of the Public," in which a common and fatal error in the present system of chimney-building is pointed out. The pamphlet is sold at a mere nominal price, and to the purchasers of his treatise, given gratis.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 11.—The Hulsean prize for the last year is adjudged to Mr. Edward Young, student of Trinity College, for his dissertation on the following subject:—*The Contention between Paul and Barnabas*.

#### IMPORTANT LITERARY UNDERTAKING.

WE have abstained from mentioning the following Plan, though long cognisant of its preparation and progress, till we were enabled to lay it fully and explicitly before the country; and to claim for it the high consideration and support which it so well deserves from every learned man and every friend to learning. It is entitled in the Prospectus, "A Plan for translating and publishing such interesting and valuable Works on Eastern History, Science, and Belles-Lettres, as are still in MS. in the Libraries of the Universities, the British Museum, and the East-India House, and in other Collections, in Asia and Africa as well as in Europe; and for providing Funds to carry this object into execution." At the head of its patrons stands His Most Excellent Majesty King George the Fourth; and among its other friends we observe the Dukes of Clarence, Sussex, and Gloucester, Prince Leopold, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord W. H. C. Bentinck, Lord Goderich, Lord Grenville, and other exalted and distinguished personages.

The extensive and valuable collections of Oriental MSS. which are deposited in our public and private libraries have long attracted the attention of the learned of this and other countries; and means, there is no doubt, may be de-

vised, by which the public may be put in possession of all that is valuable in Eastern Literature; and it may also be shewn that this country is not backward in contributing to the advancement of Oriental learning. The interesting relations in which we stand with the East, affording as they do the best opportunities for carrying such a project into effect, and at the same time promising both to England and its Eastern possessions the most beneficial results, may be mentioned as additional motives for engaging in such an undertaking; from which Biblical Criticism, Ecclesiastical and General History, Biography, Belles-Lettres, the Arts and Sciences, and Geography, must all reap a benefit.

With reference to Biblical Criticism and Ecclesiastical History, we know that our Scriptures, particularly those of the Old Testament, abound in modes of expression, and allusions to customs, in many cases imperfectly understood in Europe, but still prevailing in the East. That light, confessedly derived from the Arabic and other sister dialects of the Hebrew, has been thrown on the text of Scripture by the Rabbinical and other commentators, no one will deny; yet volumes on Arabic Grammar, Rhetoric, and the more ancient productions of the Arabian poets, which approach most nearly in style and sentiments to some parts of the Hebrew Bible, still lie in MS. in our libraries, either entirely neglected, or at best accessible to few. The same nearly may be said of the Syriac language, which approximates still nearer than the Arabic to the Hebrew in its form and modes of expression. The collection of the late Mr. Rich, in this language, now placed in the British Museum by the liberality of Parliament, contains perhaps the most valuable MSS. of the Syriac Scriptures now in existence; and it is of the greatest importance to Biblical Criticism that a collation of them should be made and published.

Perhaps no people possess more extensive stores of history, biography, and polite literature, than the Arabs and Persians. The accounts which their historical and biographical works contain of their own and the surrounding countries are necessarily the only sources from which information can be obtained relative to the history of those regions, and of the extraordinary persons to whom they have given birth. Their histories of the Crusades in particular, which furnish the most authentic details on this interesting subject, will always amuse and instruct the general reader, while they furnish materials of the greatest importance to the historian. In polite literature, and especially in works of fiction, they have perhaps never been excelled; and in studying such of their works in belles-lettres as have been already printed in any European language, regret must be felt that few of these books, which are so well calculated to afford us pleasure, have been translated. In the arts and sciences, Asia must be recognised as the elder sister and instructress of Europe; and inquiry into the origin of these must be at once interesting and important.

As many of the most celebrated of the Greek authors were translated into Arabic, under the patronage of the court of Bagdad, it is not improbable that some long-lost Greek works may be discovered in an Arabian dress, as was the case with the treatise on Conic Sections by Apollonius Rhodius, brought to Europe by Goliard, and translated by Halley.

Other great and singular advantages may well be anticipated from this plan, the object of which is to publish, free of expense to the

authors, translations of the whole or parts of such works in the Oriental languages as a committee of Orientalists already appointed shall approve. These translations are to be accompanied by the original texts, and such illustrations as may be considered necessary. The Royal Asiatic Society, which was instituted for the advancement of Oriental literature, co-operate warmly in this design. They have subscribed largely from their funds; have recommended a committee, consisting of individuals well known for their zeal and attainments in Eastern literature, to superintend the editing, translating, and printing of the works; and have granted the use of their house for the transaction of the business of the committee.

Such is the general outline, as abridged from the prospectus; and we rejoice to add, that subscriptions to the amount of 800*l.* per annum have already been received.

The terms are, that every individual or institution subscribing ten guineas or upwards annually, will be entitled to one fine-paper copy of every work; and that the remaining copies shall be disposed of in a beneficial manner.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Sketches of Character.* By C. Henderson; drawn on Stone by M. Gaud. Nos. I. and II. 6 Prints each, coloured. Engelmann, Graf, Coindet, and Co.

THIS work is intended as a companion to the humorous popular sketches, by Bellange, of French manners, which so pleasantly caricature traits of national character. Mr. Henderson appears to have taken a long day's tour through our great metropolis, sketch-book in hand, and to have noted every circumstance which he met with from Whitechapel to the White Horse Cellar. His walk commences early in the morning, and does not terminate until after midnight; and yet we can assure any one of our readers who may be inclined to follow the course Mr. Henderson has pursued, (viz. using his eyes), through the two numbers of *Sketches* by that gentleman, that any thing but weariness will be the result. Mr. Henderson is a clever draftsman, and decidedly a humorist of a rich and peculiar character. He sees and seizes those little traits and incidents which other people pass without regard; and he possesses the power of expressing what he sees, in a manner that is absolutely eloquent: his *Sketches* also carry on their face, what caricatures seldom do, the stamp of unquestionable truth. So great, indeed, is his power in this way, that we almost fancy we can recognise from his pencil the portraits of many gentlemen about town; and as to his coachmen, coal-heavers, and porters, it is impossible for any person acquainted with London to mistake their identity. The first subject is a young bully, threatening two charity boys of superior size, by whom he has been insulted—"You come down our yard—that's all!" Mr. Henderson then gives portraits of two coal-heavers drinking porter in their own manner—blowing the froth or head off first, and muttering, "Luck t' ye." To match this, we have a coachey (whose rubicund nose speaks volumes), who, as he is about to toss off a glass, addresses a brewer's man with—"Brandy's the stuff!" The pot-boy's remonstrating look, in another sketch, is admirably conveyed—"A long ten, sir," he absolutely grumbles to the gentleman, who hesitates to cut the matter short and button up his pocket. As a companion, we have the twopenny-post boy spanking along, playing



his heavy whip, with all the strength his arm can boast of, upon a poor blind, broken-down animal, and shouting out as the blow descends, "Go it, you cripple." These are from the first Number; the second is even better: but description cannot do justice to the artist's merits. We have the foundered horse proposed as a servant of all work, and the coachman conning his way-bill—each perfect in its way. Then the old deaf gentleman, with one foot in the grave, tottering along, his back bent beneath the weight of three-score—his lemon-coloured face, sunk-in mouth, shovel-hat and bob-wig, meeting with a jolly fellow, full of life and vigour, who, grasping his shrivelled, bony, and trembling hand, roars absolutely (such is the wonderful expression) into his ear—"Why, you're younger than ever, my dear sir!"—One more, and we have done: it is "past twelve o'clock," and here are the Christmas waits, who, we are sure, after such return for their sweet strains, will wait no longer. "How many are you?" demands an elderly gentleman, putting his head out of a window, apparently roused from sleep. The music ceases. "Three, sir." "Well, divide that among you," he exclaims from above, as he empties a bucket of water on the midnight minstrels, which poor clarinet primo receives on his back, and crouches beneath as lowly as if he were under the shock of Mahomed's most powerful shower-bath: trombone, by bobbing his head slyly, escapes with a wet shoulder only: but unfortunate French horn, the spokesman—with up-turned and expectant head—gets the deluge full in his unprotected face!

This work, we are sure, will be popular in more senses than one.

*Navarino.* From a Sketch by—Cartwright, Esq.; drawn on Stone by W. Gauci. The same publishers.

SHIPS, fire, smoke, and water. The general effect of this print is good; and the management of the sky, which has been beautifully wrought up by Mr. W. Gauci, is extremely clever.

*European Scenery.* Nos. IV. and V. The same publishers.

THE continuation of a pleasing work, which we have already noticed. Number IV. contains views of Calais, Rouen, Dieppe, and Havre, by Paul Gauci. Number V. (which is the third number devoted to England) presents us with Oxford, Winchester, Darlington and Cowes in the Isle of Wight, by William Westall, A.R.A. The execution of the latter views is so extremely careful, that they resemble fine Indian ink drawings, both in tint and texture.

*Interior of St. Paul's Church.*—A print of this subject, by Woolnoth, in the most finished style of line engraving, from a drawing by Mr. John Harwood, is announced. It is to represent the western extremity of the north aisle, with the ceremony of the instalment of the Dean (now Bishop of Winchester) in May last. As Mr. Harwood has, we understand, painted two Interiors of Westminster Abbey for his Majesty, we are inclined to expect something more than a common picture from his pencil—for the King does not patronise mediocrity. His style possesses a novelty of manner and a finish which, indeed, recommends it to general notice; but we purpose examining it before we offer any farther or decided opinion. [A mistake was made in the manner of communicating with us, which is only not resented, because we are convinced that it pro-

ceeded from erroneous notions of the character of the public press, and ignorance of the *Literary Gazette*.]

*Portrait of Captain Cooke.\** Drawn on stone by Albert Haffay, from a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

WE believe that the picture from which this drawing has been made, and which is in the possession of a gentleman of the name of Hawkins, is the only authentic portrait in existence of this celebrated navigator. It bears intrinsic proof of strong resemblance; and was evidently painted after toil and hardship had set their powerful and indestructible stamp on the countenance of the bold and persevering original. The print is dedicated (with permission) to His Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral.

*Navarino.*—Mr. G. P. Reinagle (a son of the esteemed artist of that name) having been present at the battle of Navarino, made sketches of the living and dead scene, which he has now announced his intention to publish in a series of twelve lithographic plates. We have heard that he also intends painting a large picture on the subject for the Royal Academy Exhibition; and thus arms and arts go together,—there is only the difference of a letter.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

"Si j'avais placé ma tête dans le ciel, à l'abri des affections orageuses, je ne serais pas brisée avant le temps."

Corinne.

EAGLE! this is not thy sphere!  
Warrior-bird, what seekst thou here?  
Wherefore by the fountain's brink  
Doth thy royal pinion sink?  
Wherefore on the violets' bed  
Layst thou thus thy drooping head?  
Thou, that holdst the blast in scorn,  
Thou, that wearest the wings of morn!

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?  
Look upon thine own bright skies!  
Lift thy glance!—the fiery sun  
There his pride of place hath won,  
And the mounting lark is there,  
And sweet sound hath fill'd the air.  
Hast thou left that realm on high?  
—Oh, it can be but to die!

Eagle, Eagle! thou hast bow'd  
From thine empire o'er the cloud!  
Thou that hadst ethereal birth,  
Thou hast stoop'd too near the earth,  
And the Hunter's shaft hath found thee,  
And the toils of Death have bound thee!  
—Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,  
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?  
Was the sky's dominion lone?  
Chill and lone it well might be,  
Yet that mighty wing was free!  
Now the chain is o'er it cast,  
From thy heart the blood flows fast.  
—Wo for gifted souls and high!  
Is not such their destiny?

FELICIA HEMANS.

##### WOMAN'S HEART.

"Alas! that man should ever win  
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin,  
As woman's heart!"—L. E. L.

SAY, what is Woman's Heart? A thing  
Where all the deepest feelings spring,  
A harp whose tender chords reply  
Unto the touch in harmony,

\* It ought to be Cook, not Cooke.

A world whose fairy scenes are fraught  
With all the coloured dreams of thought,  
A bark that still will blindly move  
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

What is its love? A ceaseless stream,  
A changeless star, and endless dream,  
A smiling flower that will not die,  
"A beauty and a mystery!"  
Its storms as light as April showers,  
Its joys as bright as April flowers,  
Its hopes as sweet as summer air,  
And dark as winter its despair.

What are its hopes? Rainbows that throw  
A radiant light where'er they go,  
Smiling when heaven is overcast,  
Yet melting into storms at last;  
Bright cheats, that come with siren words,  
Beguiling it, like summer birds,  
That stay while nature round them blooms,  
But flee away when winter comes.

What is its hate? A passing frown,  
A single weed mid blossoms sown,  
That cannot flourish there for long;  
A harsh note in an angel's song,  
A summer cloud, that all the while  
Is lightened by a sun-beam's smile;  
A passion that scarce hath a part  
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

And what is its despair? A deep  
Fever, that leaves no tears to weep;  
A wo that works with silent power,  
As canker-worms destroy a flower;  
A viper that shews not its wakes,  
Until the heart it preys on breaks;  
A mist that robs a star of light,  
And wraps it up in darkest night.

Then what is Woman's Heart? A thing  
Where all the deepest feelings spring,  
A harp whose tender chords reply  
Unto the touch in harmony,  
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught  
With all the coloured dreams of thought,  
A bark that still will blindly move  
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

MARY ANN BROWNE.

Elms, Maidenhead, December 1827.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE.—NO. VIII.

*The Laird of Macnab's opinion of the Russians.*†

OUR veteran chief was once in company with a young officer who had lost his leg in the disastrous attack on Bergen-op-Zoom. He was a remarkably fine young man; and being above six feet high, he attracted much sympathy from the laird, who had a sovereign contempt for all diminutive personages. Having surveyed the maimed hero for a great length of time, he muttered within his teeth—"A devilish fine fellow, by the L—d! and nae doo o' gude Heeland blude!" (which was the case), and then proceeded—"Hoo lost ye the leg, my fine fellow? what wanchancy! ball plaid ye that d—ble plisky?" "At Bergen-op-Zoom, Macnab; a grape-shot did the business," was the reply. "And a devil o' a business, too, my fine fellow. My auld friend Lyndoch was confoundedly out in that concern: after driving the poor fusineless bodies of Frenchmen over the Prinyan (qy. Pyrenean?) craigs, and chattering, and rugging, and worrying the creatures,

\* Byron.

† Our last year's *Literary Gazette* contained several characteristic stories of the Laird of Macnab; to which we have now to add another true tale, which is the more apropos at this time when the Russians are attracting so much public attention.—Ed.

! Unlucky.

\* Trick.

\* Very weak.



like sae mony frightened sheep, it was a meeser-able conclusion he made o't, for an auld pawky offisher like my friend Balgowan. But let us hear a' about it, my fine fellow.—let us hear a' about it, my fine fellow." After describing the attack and its failure, the youthful martialist went on to say,—"It was cursedly hard, after all; for within a mile or two of the place were stationed three hundred Russians, with whose assistance we must have carried the fort; but Sir Thomas, no doubt, thought there was no need for them, and wished the British to have all the glory of the achievement. These Russians (added the young soldier) were as fine a body of men as I ever clapt my eyes on. When these gallant fellows found that their services would not be required against the general enemy, they grew frantic with rage, and you might have seen them beating their fire-locks to pieces on the ground. D—me! it was the toss-up of a halfpenny, whether I would have headed such a set of brave souls, or an equal number of our own kilted lads." This was more than enough to put the chief into a perfect frenzy. "Haud you there, sir—haud you there, sir—ye have said a d—d deal mair than ye can mak amends for, were ye to live as lang as auld Methusalem. It's doornright blasphemy, by the L—d! What, sir, wad ye ever, in ae breath o' your unhallowed jaws, even o' our glorious lads o' the hill and the heather, whilk are a marvel to the haill world, to the oily bastes o' Russians?—A when basty cannibals, meeserale wretches, wha, till they cam west, an' be d—d to them, had naething to cram their craving gude-for-naething kyties wi' but stinking, stranded whales, or an orra sealg, whilk was a perfect godsend to them. Bonny vices, by the L—d! I mind weel the time, about twenty year bygone, a cheeld ca'd Admiral Siniavin, or some ither cursed name, cam into the Frith wi' a squadron o' these monsters among men. Dootless it was a vesitation for our sins. It was the eleventh plague o' Egypt, sir. Had Pharo' set een on them for a single moment, he wad hae let the Eesralites gang about their business without a single cheep.<sup>4</sup> Whatever they laid hand on, was momentarily turned into ulye;<sup>5</sup> and mair than that, they were a perfect abomination wi' vermin. I was ae day taking a dander along Leith shore, when I saw aye of the loathsome brutes gang into a kanler's shop, and buy a hawbee bap,<sup>6</sup> and spying a barrel o' ulye, in he dreeps the bap, and sookit it as ye wad do a jergonei peer. Sune after it pleased Providence to veesit poor Edinburgh and its bounds wi' thae creeshy tykes, a' the lamps in Leith Walk and ither places gade out, without ony veesible reason. A' the folk were bum-bazed<sup>7</sup> about it, and auld wives thoct that Satan was playing cantrips wi' the lights. Some were knockit doon, and ither got off wi' their pockets turned inside out. And what was the cause o' a' this hobbleshow, think ye? What! but the infernal oily bastes o' Russians. They were catched speeling<sup>8</sup> up the lamp-posts and taking out the cruizes and drinking the ulye, wick and a'. Ane o' the monsters happened to break his ill-faur'd neck. Burying sic a brute was oot o' the question, ye may weel suppose; so they gave him up to Doctor Monro, who was unco fain to get ha'd o' him, as a kind o' nondescript. By my saul, sir, I was tald by aye o' the phiesical lads, that when they cam to dissect him, the moment they put the knife into his carcass, he ran doornright train ulye. (With immense exultation) What think ye

noo o' your Russians, sir? are they o' ony use on God's earth, think ye, but to lunt<sup>10</sup> like tar barrels in a general illumination?"

#### SIGHTS OF LONDON.

**PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.**—Mr. R. Burford has, with extraordinary rapidity, already produced a panorama (in the Strand) of this remarkable subject. From drawings made on the spot, and plans liberally allowed by the Admiralty, we have reason to believe that there is great truth in this representation: at all events, the effect is very striking. The entrance of the bay is calm and quiet, and contrasts well with the slaughter, explosions, and havoc, in the interior. We have neither time nor room for particulars this week.

*Panorama of the Battle of Navarino, at the Bazar, King Street, Portman Square.*

WE were highly pleased with this specimen of the panoramic art, which is the joint production of Messrs. Wilson and Cartwright, and does them great credit. It is painted with much force and spirit; and we have little doubt (on such subjects it cannot be expected that pacific people like ourselves should speak with perfect certainty) represents the various circumstances of a desperate naval combat with fidelity. The effect of the going-down of the Turkish admiral is exceedingly grand; and the blazing fire-ship, which the boats of the Dartmouth are gallantly towing clear of Admiral De Rigny, whose vessel it menaced with destruction, is a striking feature of the scene. The Panorama is lighted with gas; which, in this sombre weather, is as good a substitute for the sun as it is possible to find. If the flickering of the flame could be prevented, it would be still better.

#### DRAMA.

**KING'S THEATRE.**—Notwithstanding much idle speculation to the contrary, this theatre opened, as we anticipated, on Saturday. It does not appear that matters are as yet definitively settled, with regard to the management, although Messrs. Laurent and Laporte figure in front of the announcements.\* The interior of the house has been little beautified, and the removal of the large chandelier is attended with unpleasant dimness, and meets with much disapprobation from the ladies who visit this theatre to be seen as well as to hear. The substitution of wax candles for gas is, however, agreeable to the eye. The performance was *Margherita D'Anjou*, an agreeable but feeble opera, the music of which is but little to our taste: it contains one or two sparkling and spirited airs, but flags throughout; and the audience—consisting of a fair proportion of the good-natured Smiths and Browns—seemed considerably *ennuyée*. Of Caradori and Curioni we must speak in terms of the highest praise. The costume of the former was extremely elegant and classical, and withal very becoming; and she sang with taste and feeling. Curioni looked heroic. Brambilla, whose dark eyes

<sup>10</sup> Blaze.

\* While on this subject, we will just advert to a circumstance which seems to us to involve a case of great injustice. The management of this embarrassed concern was, we are informed, offered to Mr. Ebers, the late lessee, at the moderate rent of 15,000*l.* with further securities. This has now dwindled down to 4,000*l.* (as part of 8,500*l.*) one half of which sum only has been required to be paid down, the rest remaining upon security. It should be borne in mind, that Mr. Ebers has sunk in this calamitous concern a property of 40,000*l.* and upwards, one sou of which it was utterly impossible for him to recover at a rent so exorbitant.

caused last year so much sensation, contrived to spoil all her beauty in most ungraceful attire; nor did she equal our expectations in her singing. We have a peculiar partiality for this pretty creature, but we will not spoil her by extravagant praise. Her voice requires cultivation; and we earnestly request her, upon her next appearance, to wear shorter boots, and to don a longer surtout. Porto was in good voice; and even Mr. Sapio, jun. had it not been for an unfortunate projection of feathers, which rendered his face nugatory, would have come off respectably. The dresses and decorations were splendid in the extreme; and much expense seems to have been lavished on the supernumeraries. The plot of this melo-drama is scarcely worth repeating. It is utterly in violation of history.

The ballet is showy and pretty, and contains *beaucoup de danse*;—somewhat too much for our tastes, who like a little action. Albert has fallen off greatly; but Anatole is graceful as of yore. There was a new *figurante*, whose name we cannot now call to mind, who pleased us, and to whom we will hereafter do justice. Hassan will not, however, last long; and we trust that the *maître* has something in embryo.

Madame Pasta is, we perceive, announced for early *début*; and her appearance, we hope, will not be protracted. Let her be brought forward at once, and let Sontag appear later in the spring; and we promise the proprietors success unlooked for. Arrangements have been made, we hear, to bring over Zuchelli, with his rich masculine and pleasing voice; and Pesarone, whose talents exceed her beauty. Overtures are being made to Velluti, who has been recently puffed in a novel manner by his friends, to appear with Pasta.

The present season bids fair to be a prosperous one. The proprietors have many new resources, of which they will doubtless avail themselves. Boxes, we understand, are letting exceedingly well; and as the spring advances, the house is expected to be very gaily and fashionably attended.

**DISAPPOINTMENT** has been the order of the week at both houses. Mrs. Glossop, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Kean, have been by turns indisposed; and the latter gentleman, we regret to say, continues seriously ill. At Drury Lane, the united exertions of Mathews, Liston, and Jones, are still highly attractive. At Covent Garden, Dimond's Opera of *Native Land* has been revived with an entirely new cast: Mr. Wood, as *Aurelio*, surpassing our expectations, sanguine as they were. He has more feeling, power, and grace, than any male singer now on the stage (Braham always excepted): adding to these good gifts, a manly figure, a pleasing person, and gentleman-like demeanour, it will be his own fault if he does not shortly stand near the head of his profession. Madam Vestris played and sang *Biondina* delightfully; and Miss Goward (the cleverest of rising actresses), though labouring under severe hoarseness, was most amusing as *Zanina*. Miss Hughes still delights us with her exquisite voice; and we have only again to impress upon her the necessity of proper tuition and diligent study. "We hope she will consider what is spoke comes from our love." We were amongst the first to praise and encourage her; and we are therefore the more anxious that she should reach the topmost height to which her talent may fairly aspire, rather than be content with any lower place. Miss Chester returned to the stage on Tuesday evening, in the character of *Lady Teazle*; and if not the best we ever saw,

<sup>4</sup> Compare.

<sup>5</sup> Chirrup.

<sup>6</sup> Oil.

<sup>7</sup> Halfpenny roll.

<sup>8</sup> Astonished.

<sup>9</sup> Climbing.



she is at least the handsomest, and that must content us.

**MINOR THEATRES.**—We have still three more minor theatres to notice—the Coburg, Sadler's Wells, and the West London. The first of these places is under the direction of Mr. Davidge, a gentleman who had once serious thoughts of having the life and death of Doctor Dodd dramatized for the benefit of the rising generation. The second is managed by Mr. Dibdin, formerly one of our most successful dramatic writers; "a fellow of infinite jest," and one whom we are sorry to see removed from the sphere of his earlier exertions. Respecting the third and last, we blush for our ignorance; and altogether we are sadly puzzled as to what we should do. It is much easier to blame than to praise; but to us it is any thing but pleasant. We have no doubt it is our want of taste which prevents our relishing the entertainments provided for "the most thinking people" at these theatres; and as we are confident the manager of each is doing what he considers to be most calculated to bring grist to the mill, why, if the customers are satisfied, so ought we to be—at least, it signifies very little whether we are or not. But as some of our remarks on the Minors may have lately seemed to smack a little of severity, we shall take the earliest opportunity of vindicating ourselves from the charge of ill-nature, and of expressing a few opinions we entertain respecting them. At present, what with the Opera, the French plays, and the threatened novelties at the Theatres Royal, we suspect we are likely to have our hands full for some time to come.

**THE FRENCH PLAYS.**—On Wednesday the English Opera House opened with the French Plays. The theatre was full; the effect of the alterations, arrangements, &c. (as we anticipated) was most brilliant; and the performances went off with great éclat. At present we shall only say that the undertaking seems to have completely succeeded. It will undoubtedly improve as it goes on; and experience shews the expediency of having a company thoroughly good from top to bottom. One or two great staves will no more sustain any theatre than a bundle of sticks; and we are persuaded that every manager will at last see the necessity of securing combinations of talent.

#### VARIETIES.

**Paper.**—Several French chemists are busily engaged at present in researches as to the best mode of sizing paper. The microscope has been very advantageously employed in the prosecution of these inquiries.

**Mademoiselle Sontag.**—Some of the Parisian amateurs express their regret that when Mademoiselle Sontag, eighteen months ago, left Paris, amidst the general applause of the frequenters of the Opera, she did not repair to Italy, there to study her profession under the ablest masters, instead of returning to Germany, and where, instead of examples of fine singing, she has been listening to nothing but loud and mechanical instrumental music; and they add, that the effect of this injudicious preference is very apparent in her present style, which abounds with abrupt and periodical transitions. She has, however, been received with enthusiastic admiration.

**Craniology.**—Among the candidates for the physiological prize of the French Academy, is

Dr. Vimont, a physician of Caen, who has sent in casts in wax of above 2000 skulls of human beings, quadrupeds, and birds; together with numerous drawings, accompanied by remarks. This collection is the result of several years' study of the doctrines of Gall, with respect to the seat of the moral and intellectual faculties in men and animals. It is said, that when Dr. Vimont left Paris originally, after having attended a course of Dr. Gall's lectures, he was quite hostile to the craniological system; and that, entering upon a train of experiments in order to refute it, the consequence of his inquiries was, that he became one of its most zealous partisans.

**The Thames Tunnel.**—This unfortunate undertaking has again been overflowed by the bursting in of the river; an accident which, following all that was said about "perfect security" after the former misfortune, ought not to have happened. But we fear this ingenious and really interesting scheme has been ill-managed, in spite of the talents of Mr. Brunel, and the perseverance and skill of his co-operators. The fact is, it has been far too much a thing of newspaper discussion. Instead of having every nerve and all attention directed to the work, there has been a distracting diversion of mind as to ways and means, and the courting of public opinion to favour the speculation. It is now, in consequence, a very bad job.

**French Academy.**—On the 31st of Dec. 1827, the Académie des Sciences proceeded to fill up a vacancy in the list of corresponding members in the section of Geology. The candidates were Mr. Conybeare, of London; Mr. Buckland, of Oxford; M. Freisleben, of Frébourg; and M. Charpentier, of Besançon. Mr. Conybeare was elected by a very large majority.

**Iconography.**—The remains of an ancient castle have recently been discovered near the town of Sympheropol, in the Crimea; from the ruins of which have been dug various bas-reliefs, with Greek inscriptions; one of which is dedicated to Jupiter Atabyrius; on another, the name of King Scyllurus is perfectly distinguishable. This is probably the celebrated Scyllurus who made war against the generals of Mithridates Eupator; and who, according to Strabo's account, possessed, in the interior of Taurica Chersonesus, the castles of Chavum, Neapolis, and Paladium. It is probable that the vestiges just mentioned belonged to one of those three places. Among the bas-reliefs is one representing an old man with a thick beard and a remarkable cap; perfectly resembling a figure on a medal in M. de Blaramberg's cabinet, the reverse of which bears the name of King Scyllurus.

**United States.**—The first column of a respectable Baltimore newspaper of the 3d of last December, called *Canfield's Lottery Argus*, is thus headed: "List of Broken Banks, and other similar Institutions, in the United States." The instances specified are no fewer than a hundred and forty-seven. Another list immediately follows, five columns in length, of "Altered, counterfeit, and spurious Banknotes." These are rather alarming indications of the present state of American commerce and credit.

**Roman Antiquities.**—The remains of a fine Roman villa have been recently discovered near Helpstone, between Stamford and Peterborough. Mr. Artis, well known for his successful antiquarian researches, has caused the spot to be explored; and his investigation has been rewarded by finding a tessellated pavement, of superior workmanship. The same gentleman

(the *York Chronicle* informs us) has discovered a complete iron Foundry of the Romans near Wansford.

**Original Anecdote of Buonaparte.**—Napoleon being in the gallery of the Louvre one day, attended by the Baron Denon, turned round suddenly from a fine picture, which he had viewed for some time in silence, and said to him—"That is a noble picture, Denon." "Immortal," was Denon's reply. "How long," inquired Napoleon, "will this picture last?" Denon answered, that "with care, and in a proper situation, it might last, perhaps, five hundred years." "And how long," said Napoleon, "will a statue last?" "Perhaps," replied Denon, "five thousand years." "And this," returned Napoleon, sharply, "this you call immortality!"

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